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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

SOUTH AFRICA PRO-EMPIRE

THE victory of General Smuts in the South African election held on January 8, marks the successful weathering of a very serious crisis, not only for South Africa, but also for the British Empire. The issue, in a nut shell, was between secession and a maintenance of the British connection. The 'Nationalists' represent states rights to the limit. It must be remembered that in the early days, whenever a Boer settlement found itself a victim of internal discord, 'the weaker side would trek off and set up their own government.' Naturally, it will take time to outlive this independent frontier spirit, a spirit with which our own country had to deal from the days when Roger Clark conquered the Illinois country, and General Wilkinson made independent treaties with the Spanish government at New Orleans.

GERMAN GOLD AND THE BOLSHEVIST REVOLUTION

EDWARD BERNSTEIN begins an article in *Vorwärts* which has created much discussion in Germany, with the following sentence: 'When the Imperial government sent Lenin and his comrades back to Russia and provided them with more than 50,000,000 marks for the purpose of demoralizing the Russian army and organizing a revolutionary force to oppose the Kerensky government, it was regarded as a "German masterpiece."' Bernstein then quotes from official documents the following marginal memorandum by the Kaiser dated July 30, 1914: 'Our consuls in Turkey and India, and our agents and other representatives, must inflame the whole Mohammedan world to revolt against this despicable, deceiving, unscrupulous, pettifogging nation (that is, the English); for if we are to bleed, England shall lose India.'

He further quotes from a memorandum by Count Moltke to the German Foreign Office, dated August 5, 1914: 'An insurrection has been started in Poland. . . . It is of extreme importance, as I previously pointed out in my communication of August 7, that we have insurrections started in India, Egypt, and the Caucasus. Our treaty with Turkey will enable the Foreign Office to carry out this project and to arouse the fanaticism of Islam.' Last of all, Bernstein relates a personal experience, when he called on Hugo Haase on August 4. Haase was at this time leader of the Social Democratic fraction in the Reichstag. When Bernstein, in company with Carl Kautsky,

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arrived, Haase was closeted with a caller from the Navy Office. After the latter left, Haase said to Bernstein and Kautsky, with a laugh: 'The last thing he wanted, was to get addresses of anarchists in the Caucasus.'

Rote Fahne, the Communist organ, challenged Bernstein's statement that the Bolsheviki accepted 50,000,000 marks from the Imperial government to help them start the Russian revolution. Bernstein thereupon declared his readiness to back up his statement, whenever an impartial public investigation of the facts is made. More recently, he has formally denied that his information came from the 'Sisson Documents,' published by our Bureau of Public Information. He says that his information goes back to 1917, while these documents were not printed till the summer of 1918; and that he obtained his facts from Germans of pronounced nationalist views. He confided his information at the time to only a few close political friends, as it was not sufficiently precise to be given to the general public. The Sisson Documents did not seem to him sufficient reason for changing that attitude. During the war, he consistently avoided using statements coming from Entente sources. He adds: 'Quite recently, however, I again learned, from absolutely authoritative and fully informed Germans, that what I had been told late in 1917 was true, and, furthermore, the tremendous sums which were involved. Thereupon, I considered it my duty to make all the facts public.'

NEW THOUGHT IN JAPAN

JAPAN'S economic crisis is said to have weakened the numerous labor organizations formed in that country during the recent boom. The 'Harmonization Society,' so munificently endowed by both private philanthropy and the government for the purpose of adjusting disputes between capital and labor, seems to have proved a failure. A new society has been formed at Osaka called the 'Socialist Union.' It is composed of university professors, government officials, labor leaders, and men prominent in political and intellectual life, for the purpose of uniting all elements 'in a common campaign for the practical application of justice and humanity in social relations.' We are not informed what its concrete proposals are.

A more interesting, and perhaps characteristically Japanese movement is the *Omoto Kyo*, or 'Great Original Truth' sect. An old woman residing near Kyoto claimed to hear voices from the other world, which she committed to paper in the form of unintelligible hieroglyphics. An expert in ancient or occult chirography,— we are not told which — produced an intelligible version of these alleged messages, in a volume of 492 pages, entitled, *The Book of Flames*. They are said to preach a doctrine of 'noble Bolshevism.' Beginning among the poor, illiterate, and superstitious, the sect has spread rapidly and is reported to have made converts among educated men and women in all ranks of society. It even publishes a periodical, where it advocates, among other things, radical changes in the present government. Naturally, the authorities have taken vigorous measures to suppress the sect; but it has acquired such a following as to make this very difficult.

An odd feature of the controversy which centres around this sect is a dispute between two Japanese clans or families as to which is entitled to employ as a patron saint the Divine Spirit which its foundress was alleged to incarnate. The association of religious with social reform is, of course, not new in any country; and it has many precedents in the Far East.

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The traditional religious beliefs of Japan, especially the national religion, Shintoism, are unemotional — and particularly so on their ethical side. Some observers predict that this new quasi-social religious movement, which seems to be inspired with great ethical fervor, may have a permanent influence upon the social and religious constitution of Japan.

Another by-current of the new thought stirring in the Orient has expressed itself in a Tolstoi village, not distant from Tokyo, where some thirty settlers, mostly young people of artistic and literary tastes, have formed a little community, and are endeavoring to support themselves by manual labor. At present, a monthly deficit of some 300 yen is being made up by the young nobleman who is sponser of the movement.

TOKYO *Nichi-Nichi* complains that the Japanese have become apathetic about foreign affairs. It says 'they are not stirred by anything.' Japan is at the cross roads, but has lost consciousness of its international mission. The people are no longer aroused as they were during the wars with China and Russia. 'The expedition to Siberia was an unprecedentedly great venture, and it was also an unprecedented failure. The Nikolaievsk tragedy was the greatest ever experienced by the Japanese. The anti-Japanese legislation in California is the greatest humiliation to which the nation has ever been subjected. Yet, the Japanese are neither enraged nor grieved. They may pretend to be indignant and injured, but in reality they are indifferent.'

ADOPTING FRENCH VILLAGES

THE custom of adopting villages and towns in devastated France is extending. Mauritius has recently adopted two small places in the ruined area. But particularly significant of the friendship which still exists between France and England, in spite of the friction occasionally reported between their political leaders, is the recent adoption of Verdun by the City of London. The French Minister of the Devastated Regions, after alluding to the fact that the United States has already paid a tribute to Verdun by erecting a monument at the famous Bayonet Trench, adds:

> No act that England could have done could have touched the heart of France more deeply. That London should have declared itself the friend of Verdun, a town that stood out at a most critical period of the war as the buckler of France, is a *beau geste* that France will never be able to forget.
>
> As Minister of the Devastated Regions, I wish to thank London, and Great Britain through London, for what it has done, and to express my gratitude and my confidence that London's action will help to cement the friendship that already exists between Great Britain and France.

D'ANNUNZIO AND LENIN

D'ANNUNZIO is reported to have been a great admirer of Lenin, to whom he dispatched many laudatory telegrams and letters.

In a curious diplomatic collection of the 'Acts of the Bureau of Foreign Affairs' of Fiume, several documents appear expressing the sympathy of 'The Commander' for the soviet republic, and indicating a desire to establish political and commercial relations with Moscow.

Serrati, an Italian Socialist leader opposed to the Bolsheviki, has made a statement to the effect: 'We were shown at Moscow (presumably during the visit of the Italian Labor Delegation there) a telegram of congratulation from D'Annunzio, declaring his solidarity with the soviet régime. Our advice was not to reply to it, and we think our recommendation was followed.'

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MISSIONARY EXCLUSION

HOCHI, a Tokyo liberal daily owned by the later Premier Marquis Okuma, suggests excluding Christian missionaries from Asia. It remarks, with regard to the burning of a missionary school by the Japanese expeditionary forces in Chientao, that this action is conclusive proof 'of the connection between Christian missionaries and rebellion,' and recommends:

> When things have come to such a pass, the issue should not be dismissed with the burning of a single school. Perhaps America will make difficulty. . . . The Christian missionaries are disturbers of peace in the Orient. Not only do they instigate rebellions in China and Korea, but the newspapers recently reported that they even dare do so in this country. Should we not follow the example of America and prohibit the entry of this country by missionaries?

As additional light is thrown upon the atrocities committed by the Japanese troops at Chientao, public opinion in Japan itself is becoming aroused over the incidents which occurred there.

The Osaka *Asahi*, one of the most widely read papers circulating among working classes and small shop-keepers in Japan, says that the official reports show 'that Japanese troops burned schools and churches, and shot dead, innocent men.' The officers responsible excused themselves on the plea: 'The situation demanded quick action, and we had no time to make deliberate examination.' It appears that in several instances, scores of men were shot dead in a body, without being examined individually, and it is not denied that the persons killed included innocent men who had nothing to do with the independence agitation.

ITALIAN SOCIALISTS REJECT BOLSHEVISM

THE Italian Labor Party has 216,000 enrolled members. At the Leghorn Congress, delegates representing 113,000 voted against joining the Moscow Communist International, and delegates representing 58,000 voted in favor of that action. This reverses the position taken by the Socialist Party in France, and by the International Socialist Party in Germany. In comparing the action of the French and Italian Party, it must be borne in mind that the Italian Party is a much more powerful factor in national politics than has been the French Party since the assassination of Jaurés. It is the strongest political party in Parliament: and, moreover, controls about one third of the Italian municipalities. Its coöperative societies handle an important fraction of the nation's business. In a word, the party is conscious of its responsibility. On the other hand, the French Socialist Party is at present politically powerless, and perhaps it is encouraged to adopt extreme radicalism, as a reply to the conservatism of the other parties in the French Parliament.

REVOLUTION AND REACTION IN ROUMANIA

LAST October, the labor unions of Roumania presented certain political and economic demands to the cabinet, backed by the threat of a general strike if they were not conceded. The government refused to receive the representatives of the workers, and took energetic measures to stop the agitation. Labor representatives were arrested *en masse*. Wives, women, and children—at least it is reported—were seized as hostages for workingmen who evaded arrests. Many of the prisoners are said to have been seriously mishandled. The bastinado was freely employed as punishment. A master machinist received one hundred blows on the soles of the feet for issuing a radical circular. The headquarters of the labor organizations have been seized,

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The immunity of Socialist members of parliament has been suspended, and at least one member has been condemned to five years imprisonment at hard labor.

The labor demands occasioning the general strike were as follows: withdrawal of military guards from factories and other working places; suspension of the law prohibiting strikes; termination of martial law, including the restoration of freedom of the press, speech, and public meetings; removal of civil cases from military courts, and withdrawal of the army from the control of civil government affairs.

Naturally, Roumania's proximity to Bolshevist Russia, and the recent bomb outrage in the Roumanian senate, explain, in part, the severity of the measures taken by the government.

A NEW TENANT FOR MONTE CRISTO!

LE FIGARO says, a report is current abroad that President Wilson has offered to purchase the island of Monte Cristo from the King of Italy. Victor Emmanuel has a villa there. It is the only house on the one thousand acres of arid soil, which constitute the entire area.

Le Figaro wonders whether it is the association with Alexander Dumas' romance which has attracted the president's attention to this spot, adding: 'Mr. Wilson would like to retire there when he quits public life. Certainly, nothing would disturb his melancholy meditations in that retreat. He would have abundant leisure to admire in solitude his masterpiece, today so much discussed. Monte Cristo would afford him ideal and absolute solitude. But would this solitude please Mrs. Wilson? To be sure, France is close by.'

BRIAND

A CONTRIBUTOR to the London *Spectator* thus describes M. Briand in one of his great moments in the Chamber of Deputies, when he was being hotly attacked:

> The air was filled with shouts and interruptions — political projectiles which came screaming from almost every group in the Chamber. Even M. Briand's special supporters seemed ready to abandon him. Meanwhile, M. Briand sat unperturbed, or, since we cannot know what is going on inside any man's mind, let us say, rather, seemingly unperturbed. When his time to answer his critics came, he walked to the tribune, a gray-complexioned man without either energy in his step or fire in his face. Yet, he had not uttered half a dozen sentences before he was a transformed being; the happiness, the vigor, and the persuasiveness of his words — persuasiveness always just outbalancing the vigor — were matched by perfectly appropriate and graceful gesture. He is, undoubtedly, one of the three or four foremost orators of the world. On the occasion which we have just described, he turned the danger into a personal triumph.

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La Grande Revue (Liberal Literary Monthly), *January*]

GABRIEL D'ANNUNZIO AT FIUME

BY JACQUES VAUNOIS

D'ANNUNZIO'S speeches and messages at Fiume form an integral part of his work as a poet and writer. At present, we know only a few of these compositions, which form a curious chapter in literary history. I propose to study them here solely from the standpoint of their art, entirely apart from their political and diplomatic significance.

Many of D'Annunzio's speeches were impromptu. They were never recorded. Doubtless, the most beautiful of them were not written — those of the vibrant days of September, when a delirious people acclaimed its liberator; when the poet, intoxicated with the joy of action, inspired by his accomplished dream, poured forth over the multitude the floods of his lyric eloquence. This man is a perfect incarnation of Italian genius. He is conscious of the fact, and he carries love for his fatherland to the point of adoration. It is not a patient, platonic love, but an impetuous, uncontrollable passion. Like those poets of old, whose lyre summoned the sons of their city to combat, he hastened in the hour of crisis to dedicate to his country all his genius and all his heart. He was conscious of his mission. He was the spokesman, the very voice of Italy.

Fiume, as we can well believe, was thrilled by D'Annunzio. The great man held it enslaved by his charm. How? By his speeches and proclamations. He had no other means of government. It was an absolute triumph of the word!

When he desired to make some communication to the people, to announce some decision he had made and wished approved, he spoke to the multitude, in the great hall where the National Council assembled, from the stage of the Fenice Theatre, or from a high balcony, whence he addressed the populace assembled in the public square.

How does he speak? Slowly. He draws out his words, giving all their value to the harmonious syllables of the Italian language. He does not gesture. He keeps his eyes fixed above the audience, as though addressing an invisible auditor. The people would listen, literally fascinated, breaking forth sometimes into applause, and when he concluded, absolutely identifying their own will with that of the orator. It is a wonderful country, where the humblest citizens can be so moved by the beauty of speech, by literary form, by the music of words — under their kindly sky and within hearing of the murmur of their harmonious sea!

When D'Annunzio speaks, it is not for pure love of speaking — not with the vanity of a rhetorician who thirsts for applause. His purpose is to debate or to persuade; to attain a definite object which never escapes his view. His lyric flights always aim to guide his auditors to a predetermined point. His speeches are usually brief. They resemble proclamations. When what he had to communicate passed these limits, when he wished to have his thoughts and aspirations reach every household and every heart, he ad-

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dressed a message to the citizens of Fiume through the press. It would be impossible to summarize or describe all these proclamations or messages, or even to quote a few lines from each, within the limits of a single article. We shall not try to reproduce the history of Fiume as it was written at the time by D'Annunzio, but to draw a picture of the author of *Laudi* with his own pencil. We do not aspire to contribute a page to political annals, but to the history of literature.

Passing over the first months, when the idol of his people exchanged his first professions of eternal love with them, let us come to the famous events of December, 1919, which seemed to predict a rupture between the Commandant and the citizens of Fiume, but which eventually united them even more closely than before. During this critical period D'Annunzio's proclamations and messages followed each other in quick succession.

This is what had occurred. On the 11th of December, 1919, after three months of tedious negotiating with the government at Rome, the dawn of deliverance seemed finally at hand. D'Annunzio's envoys brought back a draft of an agreement which secured nearly everything the dictator of Fiume had demanded. Italy's officials agreed to defend Fiume's cause, providing the legionaries would evacuate the city. It looked as if the task were completed, and the town would soon be annexed to the mother country. D'Annunzio's enterprise would be crowned with success.

All the poet's advisers wished to ratify this project. They were men of influence: Luigi Rizzo, famous for his great deeds in the Adriatic, the man who sank the Austrian dreadnaught *Viribus Unitis* in Pola harbor; Giurati, the Commandant's premier, honorably wounded during the war; Colonel Repetto, and Major Reina, who had organized the Fiume expedition. All these favored accepting the proposed agreement. Last of all, the Fiume National Council, by a vote of forty-eight to six, ratified that measure.

What passed during those hours in the soul of the poet? He, who at first seemed delighted with this easy victory, suddenly turned around. He declared that he would consult directly the people. Then, discovering that a popular vote would be against him, he refused to permit a plebiscite, and put his soldiers in charge of the ballot boxes. For several days, Fiume, divided into two camps, was in a state of turmoil. Up to December 20, the date set by the Italian government for the acceptance of its proposal, the people thought D'Annunzio would reconsider. But the latter, instead of making the reply expected, issued a message to the citizens in which he explained his doubt, his uncertainty, and his anxiety. He said he feared the government at Rome had set a trap for them. The truth is, perhaps, that he found such an epilogue unworthy of his epic. Had he not said one day: 'What a tragedy, if such a marvel of the Middle Ages should finish thus!'

Here is his message:

'People of Fiume, my brothers, why these cries? Why this furor? Why this distress? The voice of Fiume has become shrill and harsh. Why is the fountain of our waters troubled, when in beautiful September its stream flowed as clear as crystal? They, then, were healing waters. I, too, was at once healed of my fever. Do you not remember? Do you not remember that night of ecstasy when I appeared before you here, when we set up again the ancient tribune, and when our discourse was but a mighty dialogue between the voice of an individual and the voice of the multitude? When our

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strength and our joy mingled in a harmonious chant to heaven, and when we laughed together and sang together, and together defied man and destiny? Do you not remember? Never has the world seen such loving harmony as was ours. The fonts of our hearts overflowed like your historic urn.'

How perfectly he led his people! He started out by recalling what it was time to forget, the miracle of the Fiume adventure, the fever of agitation allayed as by enchantment; then the days of discussion, the memories of their political honeymoon, and finally the very significance of the name of Fiume. Fiume means, in fact, river, and the city preserves in its treasury a monument which symbolized in ancient days the source of that river: a fountain flowing from an urn.

Continuing, D'Annunzio explained at length the reasons for his attitude, and all that the proposed agreement passed over in silence. He explained this in terms at once precise and poetic.

'They say that the legionaries are weary. That is not true. They say that the people are weary. Tell me if that is true. They say that it is a victory, when we consider that the Italian government up to yesterday opposed us. They say that it is my victory. But for me, it is not a question of victory; it is a question of whether our light is to be extinguished.

'Is it a glorious treaty for the head of the state who signs it? Then I, who have laid at your feet all that remained of myself after four years of battle, lay at your feet this glory. It is not much, a very petty thing.

'"By this treaty Fiume is saved, Italy is saved." Are you convinced of this? In those clear-visioned days of our faith and constancy, we said: Forsooth, *Italy does not live by its flesh, but by its soul! It cannot be saved by the flesh, but only by the spirit!* And we have seen what is the power of the spirit. Comprehend, and pity my agony and that of my legionaries. Why are my two great heroic companions who have brought this document from Rome so sad?

'Ah! Giovanni Giurati, you of noble Latin blood, you, who though crippled, are the most complete of men, how much sweeter were our hours of hardship in the slime of the trenches than those of the present. Ah! Luigi Rizzo, thou pure and valiant hero, how much happier we were when we were facing death in our frail bark of Buccari, watching the sparkling coast of Volosca at Zurcovo during that February night, as though bound for a votive festival! Let us face our tragedy frankly, eye to eye.'

Further on, speaking of his legionaries, he explains: 'Nothing is more bitter than heroism betrayed.' That was true, above all, of himself. Next, passing to the deliberation of the National Council and explaining that the project had been opposed from the first by three of the most eminent members, he adds:

'They called it discussing our victory. But after the vote was taken, the councilors left the hall with faces whose sorrow said: "It is not a victory, but a burial." That was the voice of unerring instinct. Something was ended, something was dead. As I just said: We were extinguishing a beacon light. . . .

'Once there was a saint in Italy who wept at the point of death, and when asked why he wept, he replied: "I weep because love is not loved." For days which have been longer than centuries, love has not been loved in our

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city of sacrifice, where its flame formerly blazed highest upon our altars. Love is discredited, is repudiated. My brothers, let us pray for pardon, let us make *amende honorable*. Let us look each other directly in the eye, let us scan our hearts. Let us, again, see ourselves as we are. We carry within our bosoms our guiding stars, as during those great nights of September and October, when the city, exalted beyond itself, was its own heaven. What fraud and violence lurk around those unhappy ballot boxes, which stand there guarded by bayonets like criminals! Men of Fiume, to-day and for evermore, your only ballot box is that urn which is preserved in your ancient treasure house; that reminder of your heroic age, that symbol of overflowing faith and inexhaustible love. I and my companions have drunk from that alone. Drink ye likewise. "Hope is eternal" said an ancient sage. We say, "Victory is eternal."'

Eloquence and genius worked a miracle. The voice was heard. When the city's liberator appealed to its citizens, almost implored them, with: 'My heart is broken. Must we part, must we lay down our task unfulfilled? Pity me as I pity you,' the multitude responded with a single voice: 'No! the crisis is over, harmony dwells again among us.'

But a certain hesitation, possibly a regret, still hovered in the hearts of the people. D'Annunzio exerted himself to restore confidence, and in his subsequent speeches and messages he insisted upon the need of constancy and faith — faith in the destiny of the city, faith in its ties with Italy, faith in the aims and acts of the Commandant. Constancy to resist insidious proposals, to support blockade and privation;— these are the qualities which D'Annunzio urges in the two following quotations. The first is from a letter which he wrote to the Podesta of Fiume, on Christmas of 1919. He accompanied the letter with a gift of twenty-five thousand lire to be distributed among the poor of the city:

'In making this gift to the poor people of Fiume I cannot overcome a feeling of timidity and almost of shame.

'To give little to those who have given bountifully is indeed almost a cause of shame.

'Are not the poor of Fiume the favorites of Saint Francis? Like that holy man, they have clothed poverty with the garb of opulence.

'When Italy's prisoners sank exhausted before your doors, too weak even to whisper their distress, you emulated that Fiume widow, addressing her starving children in the sombre November of Caporetto: "My children, we are poor, but there are those who are poorer than we. Shall we not aid them with the little that we have? Let us offer this little flower to Italy."

'Every threshold and window-seat in the poorer quarters of the town was decorated with this little silent flower. Like the Saint of Assisi, the poor people of Fiume have always fed others more needy than themselves. Each merits the Franciscan cord, and that Paradise where he who has nothing has everything.

'Even to-day the full burden of sacrifice rests on them. But they do not complain nor protest. Among you, even to-day, are those who are anxious to give more; to give more bountifully.

'I once saw, painted on the walls of an old Venetian palace, symbolical figures representing all the virtues. No one of them was crowned. Faith was not crowned, Charity was not crowned, Prudence was not crowned, neither was Temperance, nor Vigilance, nor Hope.

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But Constancy was crowned. Among them all, Constancy alone was crowned, and that solitary distinction pleased me.

'Who shall to-day bestow the crown of Constancy on Fiume? Those who merit the city's crown of Constancy to-day are the poor, who give their all.

'Is this silver? It is more than silver. Is it gold? It is more than gold. What metal is it then? It is a treasure which only the poor possess. And what is that? The poor know, and do not tell; they smile in silence.

'How, then, can one offer without abashment anything to these who thus smile in their wealth?

'The other day, one of them wished to kiss my hand, and as I withdrew it, he fell to his knees. Then I, too, knelt with him. We remained thus, face to face, like those givers we see in ancient altar pictures. I was less than he; that is why I would not rise except after him.

'So, to-day, I crave pardon of the poor people of Fiume. I do not offer them silver, which is little and common. I offer them my love, which prostrates itself before them.'

Nothing more typical of D'Annunzio appears among these papers than this letter and the following proclamation, addressed to the cities of Istria, but really intended for Fiume. Voluntarily, he dispensed for a moment with the treasures of his magnificent vocabulary and metaphor. He used only the most simple words, those in daily use among the poor and simple. However, with what art they were used! How perfectly he understood how to touch the heartstrings of the soul! He still remains the *Imaginifique* of *Fire* and of *More than Love* — the most magnificent builder of images, perhaps, since Victor Hugo. Consider this message *To the Cities of Istria*, and pause a moment to appreciate the dream and poesy of these syllables: *From the olive trees of Semedella to the cypresses of San Canziano*. Here, we have that quality in proper names which intoxicated the god of French romanticism, and of which D'Annunzio knows the secret better than any other. They are names which possess even more charm in Italian than in our language. There they have a physiognomy, a living glance, a life.

'Fair cities of Istria, gems of the sea! Four months have passed since the night of Ronchi, since the legionaries gathered in that arid Carso cemetery, where the shades of our Istrian precursors seemed to renew for us, amidst its ruins and its moldering bones, the fertility of their sacrifice. A year of suffering and fighting draws toward its close. Another year begins, already disturbed by unpropitious signs and untimely stirrings, like the starting of a premature spring.

'Where is our faith? Who has hidden our faith under a violet cloth, as the crucifix is hidden during the Week of Shadows?

'To testify the faith of Fiume, to declare the hope of Fiume, to suffer the passion of Fiume, that was the glory and joy of all, when the laurels of September were still green. It was the pride of every heart which wore the seal of Fiume. That was the visible sign of constancy and fidelity.

'Was that constancy a pretense? Was that fidelity an expedient? We are told that everything has an end, and that weariness comes to all.

'Ask the poor Istrian volunteers who carried the remains of Anna Sauro from the olive trees of Semdella to the cypresses of San Canziano, whether the bier was heavy. Its burden was as though the mother and child were of the same lead and the same oak as the

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coffin which contained them. Ask these four infantry men if it ever occurred to them to drop their burden from the bridge of Capodistria into the silent waters beneath.

'Some one has said: "Here is the flame which was a man, here is the light which was a hope, here is the voice which was the cry of despair at hope too long deferred." The light is extinguished. The voice is dumb.

'Fair cities of Istria, you who also have felt the flame, you who also received its inspiring touch, maintain the faith of Fiume!

'In the Plaza of Capodistria, between the two Ghibelline towers, under the Roman Cybele, pledge again, to-day, your faith to Fiume!

'In the golden basilica of Parenzo, under the Arch of the Twelve Virgins, pledge again, to-day, your faith to Fiume!

'From Rovigno to Laurana, from Umago to Albona, from Cittanova to Fianona, in every town and market-place of Italian Istria, pledge again, to-day, your faith to Fiume.

'And in the great Pola of the Cæsars, before the great monument of Sergei, built by the piety of a noble woman, pledge again your faith to Fiume.

'Last of all, beyond, on the silent shores of that island which has chastised treason with blood, before the arch where the sad poet of the Besenghi sleeps, and with him his songs which were never sung, pledge, to-day, your faith to Fiume.

'And may all your lions, and all your gates, roar forth: *Victoria tibi, civitas Dei!*'

Here, a new aspect of the poet is revealed, the mystical aspect, I might almost say the apocalyptic. It is easy to show how D'Annunzio has always loved short phrases, recurring like a prayer, like a litany.

The final paragraphs of his famous Quarto oration, in 1915, are merely a transposition of the Sermon on the Mount; the beatitudes of a warrior. Are not all great lyricists mystics? Is not lyric poetry religious in its inspiration? Does it not preach its own evangel?

. . . . . .

Alas! the treaty of Rapallo has not respected the vows of Fiume. The city is not joined to Italy; the isles of Arba and Veglia have gone to the Yugoslavs. The city of Carnaro could not accept what it considered an unjust denial of its righteous aspirations. It made ready, with a heart deadened by despair, for its last resistance. With agony, and yet with resolution, it saw the approach of Christmas Eve, which was to be the signal for fratricide instead of peace and good will. The voice of the poet was raised once more:

'Companions, and again brothers — those who for fifteen months have been, under compulsion, traitors to us, and our jailers, to-day are ordered to attack us, and are making ready to overwhelm us.

'By order of the royal government, a nation's funeral pyre, and a nation's execution ground, are to be set up on the soil of Fiume.

'Those who are not willing to face death have until to-morrow to leave our lines.

'Legionaries, each of you is free to violate his oath and to obey his fears. All that is asked of him is to leave here his arms, his equipment, and his Ronchi medal. He will receive from the other side paternal commendation, an appropriate *pourboire*, and the promise that he shall be honorably enrolled in the association of pardoned deserters, one of the most flourishing and profitable of the kingdom.

'To those who have the courage to

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remain with me, I can promise nothing more than the bread, black with dirt and vermin, which you have already tasted; the bread of sorrow, and the crown of glory.

'We shall have the glory of suffering together for fair Italy.

'After all we have suffered, we are willing to suffer more.

'For fifteen months, poorly fed, poorly clothed, poorly shod, treated as men afflicted with a pestilence, quarantined like patients confined to a pest house, we have suffered, with songs in our hearts.

'Now, we must suffer in silence.'

But the latter injunction was not to apply to the poet. The following day, a shell from a cruiser struck the palace of the Commandant, and slightly wounded D'Annunzio. Thinking that the shell had been directed against him personally, his irony changed to wrath:

'The warship *Andrea Doria* has tried to visit on me personally the vengeance decreed by Rome. Oh! cowards of Italy! I still live, and do not yield. Yesterday, I prepared myself for sacrifice. I rallied the strength and fortitude of my soul. To-day, I shall defend myself with all my might. I offered my life hundreds and hundreds of times in the war with a smile. But it would be an unworthy sacrifice, to throw it away for a people who carelessly forget themselves in Christmas merriment, when their rulers are slaughtering with cold design an heroic band of citizens, ennobled by Fiume's sublime virtues, who for sixteen months have stood heart to heart by our side, and have never faltered in suffering and service.'

A little later, he concluded an appeal to the Italians with these words.

'Christmas brings Fiume new bloodshed. The city offers itself for sacrifice, like an immortal victim, over whose corpse the Italian fatherland it loved so devotedly is summoned to shed the bitterest of tears, and whom it will mourn with a remorse that knows no ending.'

Let us stop here: 'The Italian fatherland loved so devotedly.' These words summarize the spirit of the Fiume adventure. They might likewise serve as an epilogue to the speeches and messages of Gabriel D'Annunzio at Fiume. Despite appearances, despite certain traits of vanity which go with the pride of genius, D'Annunzio has always preferred the glory of his fatherland to his own glory. The Fiume expedition was not the exploit of a handful of madmen. It was a plan deeply matured. It was designed as a clarion call to an Italy gorged with victory. To be sure, the poet did not efface his personality behind the demands of Italian policy. He did make difficulties for those who guided Italy's official courses, and a stranger might be tempted to consider him an *enfant perdu*. But this would be unjust. He personified the revolt of Italian public opinion against the abdication of the government.

Is it surprising, then, that his personality always holds the centre of the scene in these Fiume orations? The expedition was his, the soul of the resistance was himself. The enthusiasm of the people of Fiume, he, alone, created and sustained. That spirit spoke through his mouth — and how happily! The miracle of his enterprise was his own creation, and what a glorious one! Fiume and D'Annunzio are henceforth inseparable. It is D'Annunzio everywhere. Has he ever in his life done ought but paint himself? What else could we expect from the author of *Fire* and *The Child of Pleasure?*

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Thus, the Fiume epic was merely his last masterpiece — as much a literary as a political feat — and, of all his works, it is the one dearest to his heart. He could not easily part with it. He is like an artist, who, having produced an immortal masterpiece and cherished it in his soul, recoils from abandoning it to the judgment of the world. Quite possibly, he dreamed of dying on the walls of Fiume, as Byron died amidst the ruins of Missolonghi. But, was it not one of his dreams to realize in action the verses of another Italian poet, which D'Annunzio doubtless knew by heart from childhood:

Donato un Regno al sopraggiunto Re
Or se ne torna. . . .
(He returns after giving a kingdom to his king.)

We have called it the Fiume epic. In truth, the history of Fiume for more than a year is a poem, in which D'Annunzio's speeches and messages are the songs.

We sometimes forget that D'Annunzio is first and always a poet. He is not a dramatist, neither is he a romanticist; he is not even what certain blockheads have called him, an adventurer, a sabre-rattler, a movie actor. He is, with Carducci, the greatest living Italian poet; he is, with Kipling, the only living poet whose reputation is as wide as the world.

While he is best known abroad, perhaps, by his romances, his real merit is in his poems. It is the author of *Laudi* who speaks at Fiume; the man who sang with unequalled fervor and beauty, the land, the sea, and the sky of Italy. That sky, that sea, that land, he rediscovered at Fiume. They inspired his eloquence, illumined his metaphor, evoked in the people of that most Italian city the responsive chord of a race gifted by nature with sensibility for artistic form.

It is hardly necessary to say that such speeches lose in translation. Those poems are veritable symphonies. No other language can reproduce their sweetness, their seriousness, their sonority. It can only copy them in faulty and less harmonious chords.

Whatever may become of these addresses, let them not be forgotten as literature. The future will tell their political value. But, already, they form the most interesting monument of an episode which will remain famous in history.

Three hundred years ago, a little group of men and women, one hundred and twenty to be exact, not finding in their homeland the possibilities of spiritual life which they sought, embarked for a new continent, that they might found there an ideal fatherland. They carried with them their faith, their beliefs, their traditions, and their hopes. The dissenters of 1620 have become a great nation. Who knows but what these legionaries, likewise, bore in their hearts the image of Fiume, as the home of a greater Italy. Did not D'Annunzio, himself, write, a few days before the expedition: 'The history of heroes is the history of their race'? Those to whom it was granted to spend a few days at Fiume, will never deny that one breathed there an atmosphere of heroism, of mediævalism, and of the spirit of Italy. Some will say: 'He rebelled against his fatherland.' Others will say: 'He converted an enterprise which many considered desperate, into a reality, for fifteen months. If he failed to give Fiume to Italy, at least he preserved it from the Yugoslavs. If he sinned against his fatherland, it was because he loved it over much. He has sweetened with Latin charm the coast of "the bitter sea." But most important of all, excelling others in courage, he staked his faith in favor of an ideal. His breath gave new life to all who

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neared him. He showed that in a century of factions and skepticism a single man may start a new crusade, providing he be a poet, and a poet of genius. He communicated his enthusiasm and faith to others. He sowed broadcast, beauty, and love of beauty. He shed about himself the radiance of that inner light which illumines life, and without which life is scarcely worth the living.'

[*The Manchester Guardian* (Liberal Daily), *January 31*]

GERMAN REPARATION AGAIN

BY J. M. KEYNES

In my book, I expressed the opinion that Germany might conceivably be able to pay £100,000,000 gold per annum in discharge of her liabilities under the treaty, but that, for political and other reasons, it would probably turn out imprudent and impracticable to exact so high a figure. Some authorities, including Mr. Baruch, who was President Wilson's economic adviser at the Conference, have accepted this figure, or something near it. Other authorities, whose opinions deserve respect, have made varying estimates up to a maximum of £200,000,000 gold. This latter figure has been put forward by impartial American economists as a conceivable maximum which might possibly be reached under favoring conditions. I have never heard of any competent person who has put forward a reasoned estimate exceeding £200,000,000 gold per annum.

How does this compare with the proposals of the Paris Conference? These are made up of a determinate and an indeterminate part. The former consists of £100,000,000 per annum for two years, £150,000,000 for the next three, then £200,000,000 for three more and £250,000,000 for three after that, and, finally, £300,000,000 annually for 31 years. All these figures are in terms of gold. They are not appreciably affected by the small discount allowed in the improbable contingency of Germany paying in advance of the due dates. The latter — the indeterminate part — consists of an annual sum in addition to the other, which shall be equal in value to 12 per cent of the German exports.

How much is this addition likely to amount to? Before the war, German exports came to about £500,000,000 annually, and the imports to rather more than this. At present prices, these same exports would now be worth more than £1,000,000,000 gold. British exports in 1920 — exclusive of re-exports — were worth £1,300,000,000.

Now, it is clear that Germany cannot possibly pay the determinate part of the indemnity, except by developing a large export trade. For her exports must exceed her imports by at least the amount paid over as indemnity, and many of her staple exports can only be produced at all — for example, metal manufactures and textiles — if the raw material, or a large part of it, has been previously imported.

I do not suppose that anyone would seriously argue that Germany could continuously, year after year, maintain her exports at a value of more than, say, 40 per cent above her imports. That is to say, to give a numerical example, if Germany is to have surplus exports worth £200,000,000 she will have to have total exports worth at least £700,000,000. Twelve per cent of this figure is £84,000,000.

It is clear, therefore, that the indeterminate item is a very formidable one. With total exports worth £700,000,000, against imports of £500,000,000, leaving surplus exports worth £200,000,000, she could just pay a fixed sum of £116,000,000, plus the export

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proportion of £84,000,000 — making up £200,000,000 in all. That is to say, trade on this scale is nearly required, even to meet the minimum payment of £100,000,000 prescribed for the first two years plus the export proportion. It is difficult to imagine figures which would permit the proposed normal payment of £300,000,000 plus the export proportion. But it is safe to say that on total exports capable of yielding a surplus of £300,000,000, the 12 per cent proportion would certainly exceed £100,000,000.

The proposals of the Paris Conference for the normal period amount, therefore, to a demand for more than £400,000,000 per annum, which is double the highest figure that, to my knowledge, any competent person here or in the United States has ever attempted to justify. Let it be remembered, further, that according to the last published figures, Germany has at the present time an export deficit.

The Paris proposals cannot, then, be meant seriously, any more than the original treaty was. They are simply another move in a game by which the players, at any rate, are no longer taken in. Mr. Lloyd George feels that he is making progress — perhaps he is — when he succeeds in persuading M. Briand to agree with him that 2 plus 2 does not make 12, but only 8; M. Briand hopes that, being eloquent, he may, after all, be able in the French Chamber to make a good enough song about 8 to defeat any argument from M. Poincaré as to how much better it would be for France if 2 plus 2 made 12. I doubt if there has ever been anything in history quite like it. Perhaps it is best diagnosed as a consequence of the portentous development of what we have learned to call 'propaganda.' The monster has escaped from the control of its authors, and the extraordinary situation is produced in which the most powerful and the most intelligent statesmen in the world are compelled by unescapable forces to meet together, day after day, to discuss detailed variations of the impossible.

It would be easy to go on to point out how, if Germany could compass the vast export trade which the Paris proposals contemplate, it could only be by ousting some of the staple trades of Great Britain from the markets of the world.

Exports of what commodities, we may ask, in addition to her present exports, is Germany going to find a market for in 1922 — to look no farther ahead — which will enable her to make the payment of between £150,000,000 and £200,000,000, including the export proportion which will be due from her in that year?

Germany's five principal exports before the war were iron, steel, and machinery, coal and coke, woolen goods, and cotton goods. Which of these trades does Paris think she is going to develop on a hitherto unprecedented scale? Or, if not these, what others? And how is she going to finance the import of raw materials which, except in the case of coal and coke, are a prior necessity to manufacture, if the proceeds of the goods when made will not be available to repay the credits?

I ask these questions in respect of the year 1922 because many people may, erroneously, believe that while the proposed settlement is necessarily of a problematic character for the later years — only time can show — it makes some sort of a start possible. These questions are serious and practical, and they deserve to be answered. If the Paris proposals are more than wind, they mean a vast reorganization of the channels of international trade. If anything remotely like them is really intended to happen, the reactions on

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the trade and industry of this country are incalculable. It is an outrage that they should be dealt with by the methods of the poker party.

One other aspect of the situation deserves mention. A sum of £200,000,000 gold — to take the sum more immediately in question — represents at the present rate of exchange more than 50 milliards of marks. The present revenue of the Central government of Germany is about 30 milliards, and its expenditure about 100 milliards. Thus, the Finance Minister of that country, if he is to pay what he owes, will be set the problem of trebling his revenue and at the same time halving his expenditure. And then, a few years later, he will have to double his revenue again. We are once more in the region of the fantastic.

And if he does n't, what is to happen then? According to some of the papers, the Reparation Commission is to step in, collect the Customs, and levy the taxes! What a temptation to him to ask them in at once! The proposal, if it has been made, is a very good instance of how, when the mind has left solid earth and is traveling in imaginary realms, one idea is just as good as any other.

Nevertheless, the postponement of the consideration of effective penalties constitutes Mr. Lloyd George's solid triumph at the recent conference. He has yielded to the French, only things which cannot possibly happen, and has succeeded, so far, in withholding his assent from things which could happen.

It is not yet clear what relations these new proposals are supposed to bear to the treaty. Apparently, they supersede it. They introduce elements for which the treaty does not provide. They require, therefore, the acceptance by Germany of a new treaty. It is not possible to compare, exactly, the money burden of them with that of the treaty. I estimate that they are somewhat less — two thirds to three quarters of the treaty demands.

But so long as they are very excessive, the precise degree in which they are excessive is not important. So long as our demands bear no relation to the facts, their precise form is not significant. These proposals bring us, therefore, no nearer to settling Europe's problem.

The interested parties are no better placed for calculating what Germany is really going to pay, so as to make their plans accordingly. The re-establishment of normal economic life is put off for another period. The next act of the play must wait until the end of February, when there is to be a conference in London attended by Germans. They, at least, will, presumably, treat it seriously. For anything which they agree to now will have a moral authority which the treaty can never have.

Perhaps Mr. Lloyd George reckons that this will give him another chance of achieving what is sensible. He thinks, perhaps, that he has brought the French one step along his way, and that that has been very clever of him; that his critics are tiresome and unhelpful, and that, as usual, he is doing his best.

But we shall never escape from the coils we have got into by any shift or trick. Surely, the truth will have to come out some day. Surely, there is no method for a situation like this, except to proclaim it sincerely. The thought of the two Prime Ministers in Paris muddling over silly formulas, with M. Loucheur buzzing about between them — formulas which they all know to be silly — is, for anyone who realizes what it is like, a thought of gibbering nightmare.

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[*Giornale d'Italia* (Rome Neutral Conservative Daily), *February 1*]

THE BOLOGNA REPORT

[This article consists of the extracts quoted in Italian press summaries of the report of a Commission of the Italian Parliament, appointed to investigate the disorders in Bologna last December. The report was signed by all the members of the commission except the representative of the Socialists. The Bologna disorders were typical of similar incidents which have occurred in Italy more recently.]

For several years, the Socialist Party in Bologna has, except for a few incidents, confined itself strictly within the limits of legal agitation. It has directed its efforts to gaining political control of the province, and to improving the economic and moral condition of the working classes, particularly those engaged in agriculture. However, very recently, Bolshevist and Extremist tendencies have begun to manifest themselves strongly in party policies. Violence is openly advocated, and so far adopted in practice as to give a new character to the class struggle. Strikes have multiplied and frequently assumed a political character.

Both the Socialist Party and the Trade Unions, which form the backbone of this party, have been particularly active of late in their efforts to preserve, strengthen, and extend the monopoly of labor which they have been recently acquiring.

To this end, there has been a determined campaign, pursued with the utmost energy and vigor, to secure absolutely united action among the proletariat, and to crush all efforts at resistance on the part of the bourgeoisie.

With this in view, these organizations insist that workingmen in both agriculture and general industries shall be hired only through the employment offices of the unions. Many other devices have been perfected to coerce workers who refuse to join the Red organizations, and employers who attempt to resist their control.

In this campaign, the workers have resorted increasingly to the boycott. The latter has long been familiar in some parts of Italy. It consists in excluding the person, or family, boycotted from every means of making a living in the community where it resides.

A proprietor or a tenant who is boycotted cannot get men to work for him, or procure supplies and necessities, or sell his products; in some cases, he is even refused medical attendance for himself and his family.

Since some country families live under conditions which enable them to resist a boycott, though with great inconvenience and loss, the Socialists have of late utilized their control of public offices and the strength of their organizations, to render the practice still more oppressive and insufferable. They have even prevented persons under boycott from traveling about and from carting goods over the public highways. As a result, the situation has become absolutely intolerable in some communes.

Added to the boycott of late has been another practice, that of imposing fines. These assume the form of special or personal imposts.

A free laborer who, compelled by extra-legal measures, or yielding to considerations of self-interest, sought to join a labor organization after a victorious strike, was required to pay an admission fee several hundred lire higher than the normal fee. The argument was that he would enjoy the benefits acquired by the organization, without having made the same sacrifices as the older members.

Fines upon landlords and tenants were imposed for violating agreements

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with their employees, for transgressing the regulations of the unions, or for failing to comply with the demands of the unions.

We are informed that these levies upon estate owners have in some instances amounted to hundreds of thousands of lire. . . . Recently, the labor organizations have extended their field of action and usurped new authority. Last September, the Bologna Chamber of Labor, with the object of regulating the price of grapes and assuring an adequate supply for the residents of different districts and the members of different organizations, fixed a scale of prices for grapes throughout the provinces and took control of their distribution. They levied a tax of ten lire upon every *castellata* (cart load) of grapes sold in this manner. We were informed by the Honorable Mr. Bucco, who was at that time General Secretary of the Chamber of Labor, that this tax was intended to reimburse the Chamber for the expenses it incurred in this service.

As was to be expected, the increasing coercion exercised by organized labor resulted in many acts of individual violence; and such incidents rapidly became more numerous. (The original report contains a long list of such cases of violence.)

Public opinion was strongly aroused by the recent agricultural strike, which lasted several months and engendered unprecedented bitterness. Many witnesses testified to the commission that every attempt at a public campaign against socialism was systematically repressed, if necessary, by force. Specific charges that people had been prevented from voting were laid before the commission. It received evidence of a bitter anti-religious campaign, directed especially against the priests. Many witnesses, moreover, deplored the exaggerated and ostentatious anti-patriotic attitude of the Socialists, which deeply offended many classes of citizens.

Strengthened by the backing of the country people, the Socialists have been gaining ground rapidly in the city of Bologna, and for several years have been much the strongest party there. However, it was not until recently — indeed, during the past few months — that this situation became the cause of serious disturbances. Without attempting to relate them in detail, the Commission will confine itself to the serious conflict on the 14th of last October.

After a public meeting in honor of certain political victims, attended by some 1,000 persons, most of whom were syndicalists and anarchists, followed by a demonstration near the city jail, the mob surrounded the barracks of the Royal Guard and assaulted them. They employed both fire arms and bombs in their attack.

During the conflict which ensued, an inspector of police, a brigadier of the Royal Guards, and several citizens were killed. In addition, there were numerous wounded.

This incident naturally created a profound impression among the populace. The funerals of the victims became an imposing public ceremony. Apparently, all elements opposed to Socialism were thoroughly aroused. Hitherto, the conservatives had been disorganized and apparently resigned to Socialist domination.

Twenty days later, as a result of another incident, the police raided the headquarters of the Labor Confederation. They found there some twenty rifles, a case of military revolvers, eight tubes of high explosives, a machine gun, and a large quantity of ammunition. . . .

The reaction against Socialism is

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ascribed to what is called *fascismo*, which is its most typical expression, if not its sole manifestation. However, that movement is supported not only by the so-called militant *fasci* — who form, as is well known, a national organization with its headquarters at Milan — but also by the members of the Socialist Reform Party, the Radical Party, and other parties which believe in democratic methods. The latter, who are the reverse of reactionary, and anti-Socialist in their theories, are among its most ardent supporters.

Militant *fasci* first appeared in Bologna after the war, but for a long time represented a weak and obscure movement. They formed a little group of citizens, mostly very young and possessing no appreciable political influence. They began to attract numerous recruits only after the recent disorders. Starting out with less than a hundred members, they now number several thousand.

But, notwithstanding the rapid growth of this organization, recruited for the most part from adventurous young men recently mustered out of military service and still filled with the fighting spirit, ready to engage in any adventure and yet, as they have shown on several occasions, quick to respond to discipline — *fascio* would not have won the great importance it has acquired during the past few months at Bologna, if it had not been supported by the sympathy and endorsement of a large part of the community.

Nor is the *fascio* the only society actively opposing the Socialists. The Nationalist Club and other civic unions are active in the same campaign. For instance, there is an athletic semi-political society of young men, known as 'King and Fatherland Minute Men,' which has also taken a militant part in this movement.

Your Commission believed it desirable to question closely the Executive Committee of the militant *fasci* of Bologna, inquiring especially their constitution, their purposes, and their resources. From all the information it has been able to gather, your Commission has received the impression that the movement is in the hands largely of young men who are influenced mainly by ideal motives. Undoubtedly, the political programme of these young people is not well matured or exactly defined. It incorporates the romantic impulses of youth, and wavers all the way between a vague humanitarianism — sometimes approaching very close to Socialism — and radical, militant nationalism. The society's resources consist mainly of the labor, the devotion, and the self-sacrifice of the members, some of whom belong to prominent families. Public subscriptions have been raised for its support. One day, while a strike was in progress, more than 20,000 lire were subscribed for the *fasci* within a few hours, in the San Pietro Café alone.

Taken as a whole, the reaction against the Socialists, which has its most vigorous expression in *fascismo*, is supported by varied elements. It is like a river receiving its water from many tributaries.

Your Commission has attempted to study the situation objectively with absolute independence of judgment, free from prejudices and viewing impartially the problems and the theories of the parties in conflict. The extraordinary events which we have recently witnessed and still are witnessing, will be judged more calmly and justly by history than by us, who are spectators and sometimes participants. We must, above all, be calm and temperate in judging events born of such travail, and determined

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by so diverse material and moral causes. But, if we may express a general impression, or, better said, a conclusion which we believe justified, we would say that after eliminating exaggeration and excesses, we must recognize that the political and social movement which has occurred in Bologna during the past twenty years has produced some useful results.

Many responsible citizens, even members of the Conservative Party, have admitted that the great estate owners of Bologna were formerly so reactionary, so averse to anything out of the routine, so incapable of understanding social problems, as to prove themselves, prior to the rise of the Socialist movement, incapable of progress and insensible to the real suffering and destitution of the rural laboring classes. After a long and bitter struggle, the country proletariat of the province of Bologna has succeeded in improving, appreciably, its living conditions; and the estate owners, under the pressure of rising wages, have at length been induced to adopt modern improvements, which have resulted in increased production.

Customs of private violence, which are both the cause and the effect of the gradual disorganization of the government, seriously threaten to destroy our social system, which cannot survive without the authority of the state. Therefore, the guerrilla civil war which is spreading here and there in our country, is not only a disquieting symptom in itself, dangerously inviting imitation, but it is above all an indication of the spread of national and social revolt against discipline, — that is, — of forces tending toward the dissolution of society and *chaos*.

We discover in the thoughts and language of some of the witnesses, a disposition to promote counter-revolution, before a revolution has occurred; a wish to enforce political and social reaction independently of the will and authority of the government. This represents a serious peril for our society and tends to postpone the recovery of that equilibrium which we so imperatively need, after our country's recent trials and suffering.

Many believe that the great European war is only the first act in a tragedy which still impends over humanity, and that we are uncontrollably drifting into a period of anarchy which will end with a great reduction in the population. According to the opinion of an English writer, who has attempted to interpret the present period of history, Malthus discovered a devouring demon, which the human race succeeded in keeping chained for fifty years; but during the tragic night of August 1, 1914, the demon broke his chains, and is now ravaging the world, far and wide.

On the other hand, many believe that mankind, having succeeded during the period before the war in reaching a condition of exceptional abundance, peace, and well-being, having acquired a taste for these inestimable benefits, and having learned how to acquire them, will be able to restore those normal conditions. In that case, we must not await salvation from the blind play of arbitrary forces, but from a just and durable social and moral order, brought into being by an intelligent act of will. . . .

We cannot enter upon this larger topic without danger of either treating it inadequately, or making too lengthy a report. We refer to the economic and social measures required to stabilize our political life. The demand for them is not limited to this particular district.

But this is not the place to discuss such projects. It is enough to point

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out that the incidents of the bitter struggle here recorded prove that the nation is beginning to have a guild consciousness (*conscienza sindacale*), which ought to be recognized in our legal system and so controlled as to forestall oppression.

Above all, we feel that the growing moral, economic, and political vigor of the laboring classes demand more adequate provision for coöperative enterprise, for institutions embodying the coöperative idea, and for giving the worker, whether as an individual or as a member of a guild, larger control than hitherto over the land and the other instruments of production.

[*Le Correspondant* (Liberal Catholic Bi-Monthly), *January 10*]

JAPAN AND THE FUTURE OF THE ORIENT. III

America's attitude toward China has been traditionally frank, loyal, and in a general way benevolent. China has the United States to thank for the fact that it has not long since been parceled out into spheres of influence by the European powers. What Washington wishes is to see a real open door policy in China, such as does not yet exist, in spite of the solemn international engagements to enforce it. They know China's resources. Americans want to see that country master in its own house, and to have it open its realms to the free commerce of the world, and of America in particular. It is not altruism that inspires the United States to oppose the dismemberment of China, but enlightened self-interest. The American government has always understood the true motive of the other powers, and has recognized that for them the term 'open door' is an empty phrase. Washington's policy in the Far East is the Hay doctrine; in other words, to guarantee the real independence and integrity of China, and not a mere make-believe independence; to have the open door mean in actual practice, equal opportunity for the traders of all nations.

The United States is in conflict with Japan, because that country has abused its rights and its power more unblushingly than any other. Mr. Taft made a frank statement of his country's policy, at Shanghai, in October 1908. His discourse aroused great enthusiasm for America, in China. Japan is not the only country which has regarded with serious aversion any policy tending to give China a strong government, capable of managing its own affairs. When Mr. Knox proposed the neutralization of the Manchurian railways, in 1909 and 1910, the irritation of Japan against America was extreme. Hardly had the rumor that such a declaration was to be made reached that country, before notes were exchanged between the Russian and Japanese governments to block the proposition if necessary. The United States had the generosity — and it was the only power to do this — to return to China its share of the Boxer indemnity. We have already said that we cannot discuss, within the limits of this article, the unedifying details of the famous consortium to negotiate the Six Power Loan. We should recall, however, that Mr. Wilson, on the 20th of March 1913, put a prompt end to the plans of certain powerful financiers and politicians, who already regarded China as their private estate. He made it known that he considered their proposals as incompatible with the independence of the Chinese nation, and that they could not count on the official support of the American government to back them. American bankers promptly withdrew from the agreement, and the United States was the

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first nation to recognize the Chinese Republic.

The Japanese could not conceal their wrath. Not only was their press furious, but statesmen of high position were bitter in their criticism. Kurachi, assistant minister of foreign affairs, said in a public interview: 'America's retirement does not surprise us. The United States has no ambitions beyond its official statements. Nevertheless, its retirement is a stroke of politics that will not help China. No doubt the Americans have withdrawn from the group in order to form an independent all-American syndicate, which will compete with the international syndicate.' *Hochi* declared: 'America has taken sides with China in opposing the just demands of the powers, and to get the only thing Americans care for — dirty dollars.'

About this time, the Webb Land Act was passed in America, directed expressly against the Japanese and prohibiting foreigners, not eligible to citizenship, from acquiring title to land, or from leasing it beyond a certain period. This was a signal for a violent anti-American campaign throughout Japan. Political associations were organized on every hand to protest against the California law. One of these was received by the Prime Minister, Count Yamamoto, demanding 'a revision of the treaty, or war.' The Premier approved the protest, which he said was a justifiable expression of outraged national sentiment on this subject. The situation was very tense for several days, and the fact that it did not produce a break is to be attributed to Japan's financial embarrassments, which were at that time very acute. Up to the date of the Portsmouth treaty, the relations between Japan and the United States were most cordial. Since then, the situation has changed completely. The Japanese people were not pleased with President Roosevelt's intervention, and although they said little — knowing that protests were useless — they felt that their interests had been sacrificed to save Russia's face, and, indirectly, the prestige of the White race, which was humiliated at having its brothers defeated on land and sea by a Yellow nation.

The Japanese felt their victories put them, unquestionably, on an equal footing with other nations. They covered up their disappointment, but it was bitter. The restrictions placed upon Japanese immigration, naturalization, and acquisition of property are not confined to the United States. They prevail, likewise, throughout the British dominions. On account of their alliance with England, the Japanese have not considered it expedient to lay much emphasis on that fact, but they have been restrained by no such considerations in the case of the United States. The California question has been the subject of acrimonious discussion between the two nations, and the dispute is now more bitter than ever before.

Japanese laborers are good workers and will accept lower wages than the Whites. They are skilful and intelligent, and are feared by American workingmen as competitors. They are remarkable agriculturists. The 100,000 acres which they control in California are better tilled than the rest of the state. The Japanese demand the right to naturalization in case they desire to make their permanent homes in America. The argument against this is that the Japanese are not assimilable. Americans are practically unanimous in the opinion that the Japanese cannot be assimilated. They point out that the laws of Japan do not recognize a change of allegiance, and, consequently, that Jap-

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anese subjects cannot foreswear their allegiance to the Mikado and become 100 per cent American. It is an argument, however, which would apply with almost equal force to Germans, and to Irishmen in the United States, both of whom show how difficult it is for immigrants, even of the second and third generation, to forget completely the land of their fathers. However, though the Japanese government is very desirous of settling the immigration question, the naturalization issue is relatively unimportant in its eyes.

But all these issues, immigration, land ownership, assimilation, are merely secondary. The great question which lies behind all the rest is whether or not the Japanese are to attain their purpose, which is mastery of the Pacific, and political dominion over Asia through bringing China under their sway.

Since Japan has defeated China and Russia, the Asiatic races certainly regard that nation as the chosen people, destined eventually to liberate them from the Whites. But the Japanese military party, strengthened by two successful wars, has done much to undermine this sentiment. Its measures in China, Korea, and Formosa have disillusioned the Asiatics with these new liberators, and greatly lessened the hopes they based upon them. If Japan wishes to become a real leader in the Orient and to extort from the White races a recognition of the right of the Asiatics to rule Asia — a dream which every intelligent native of that continent now cherishes — it must content itself with being a leader among equals, and cease trying to dominate its neighbors by intrigue and violence.

Recently, there occurred at Washington a conference between representatives of Great Britain and the United States upon Far Eastern affairs, at which the Japanese ambassador to Great Britain was present. That meeting, and Secretary Colby's visit to the Pacific coast indicate the preoccupations of the American authorities. While the diplomatic relations between the two countries are unchanged on the surface, the sentiment of mutual distrust is constantly growing.

Japan views with suspicion certain recent actions of the Americans, which it considers evidence of their hostility. National pride has been deeply wounded already by the California laws, which are considered a direct insult to the race. The people are irritated by the way America has interfered with Japanese designs in China, Manchuria, and Siberia. Viscount Kaneko, until recently one of the strongest advocates of friendship with the United States, declared that if the radical measures adopted in California were applied literally, 'they would inspire in the Japanese a bitterness of hatred against America which time will not efface.' He added, 'The English speaking races must treat the Chinese and Japanese on a footing of absolute equality.'

America, on its side, has many grievances against Japan. It is disturbed by the growth of militarism there. It protests vigorously against the manner in which Japan repudiates, in both letter and spirit, the open door doctrine, and against its policy of imperialist expansion. When Japan proposed to send troops to Siberia, the Americans were greatly disturbed, and President Wilson, already suspecting that the Japanese designed to annex the country, suggested that the other Allies participate in the expedition. When Japan took possession of Northern Saghalien, and vast territories in Eastern Siberia, the United States frankly and openly expressed its displeasure. We have already referred to

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the attitude of the Japanese troops toward the English forces operating with them in these territories. It was the reverse of friendly. They were still less friendly toward the Americans. Such things do not promote good understanding, but, after all, they are but secondary. The Americans fear most of all, Japanese attempts to exclude their trade from Siberia, and the extension of Japan's control in China.

In November, 1917, in the midst of the war, the American and Japanese governments tried to smooth over the situation by concluding an agreement relative to China. The United States recognized that Japan had special interests there, 'particularly in those portions contiguous to its possessions,' and that 'the government of the United States has every confidence in the repeated assurances of the Imperial Japanese government that it does not intend to discriminate against the trade of other nations, or to withdraw commercial privileges already granted by China in its treaties with other nations.'

At the time this so-called 'Lansing-Ishii agreement' was signed, Mr. Lansing predicted that it would join the two nations in a friendly commercial union. That gentleman was mistaken. Instead of removing the causes of the friction, the treaty only aggravated them. All that Japan saw was a recognition of its privileged situation in the Far East, and its predominance in China. America never interpreted the understanding in that sense, and protested against such an interpretation.

America's naval programme is a matter of much debate in Japan. We should observe that even to-day America is, next to England, the greatest naval power in the world, and that in view of this, 'its exorbitant naval ambition is, in view of its professions of pacifism, a paradox.' *Nichi-Nichi* considers it remarkable that the country which promoted the League of Nations, and championed the reduction of armaments, is manifesting a chauvinist spirit so out of date. Other papers regard America's pacifism as a subterfuge to deceive those whom it plans to attack, and recall that Russia was preaching world peace at the very time it was augmenting its own armaments. Japan has recently adopted a policy which is sure, sooner or later, to bring it into conflict with the Bolsheviki in Northern Asia, and, simultaneously, it is opposing a vast concession given by the soviet government to a Mr. Vanderlip and a group of powerful American financiers whom he represents. Japan bases its objections to this concession upon a treaty which it had with the former government of the Tsar, granting it certain important fishing rights in the same regions.

Late last August, the 'Japanese Association for the Study of Foreign Politics' held a great meeting in Tokyo, to discuss the anti-Japanese agitation on the American side of the Pacific. The lukewarmness of the foreign office in the California question was severely criticized, and an anti-American campaign began, supported by nearly all the press.

There are exceptions, though they are not numerous. On August 25, *Yomiuri*, one of the principal independent journals of the country, stated editorially that friendly relations between the two countries were indispensable for their mutual prosperity, and that hostilities between them would only lower the prestige of both powers in world affairs. Mr. Gary, director of the United States Steel Corporation, speaking at a meeting of the Japan society in New York, condemned vigorously the vicious and deliberate efforts to promote friction between the Japanese and the Ameri-

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can people. He concluded his remarks by saying: 'Are we not the principal offenders? Let us judge Japan by ourselves,' and asserted that the Japanese desired the friendship of the United States.

The war has left the whole of Europe on the verge of ruin. The two years since the armistice have plunged it into only deeper bankruptcy. The authors of all the extraordinary treaties which the implacable logic of historical and economic laws is forcing them to tear up, almost before the ink is dry, have advertised their utter incompetency to the world. To govern is to foresee; they have foreseen nothing, and they were incompetent to foresee anything.

European policy in China, before the war, was as absurd as it was dishonest. The policy it pursued there during the war, and at Versailles, since the peace, has been a negation of common sense. The United States, where pro-leaguers and anti-leaguers competed in advocating disarmament, and Japan, one of the signatories of the Covenant which requires disarmament, are both busily constructing vast navies, as if they had never heard of any sort of a league for preserving peace. Baron Hayashi, addressing the representatives of the press at Geneva last September, told them: 'People talk of reducing armaments while certain governments, including my own are strengthening their navy. It is ridiculous, but I feel sure that none of these countries has warlike intentions.' Baron Hayashi may find it ridiculous, but many thinking people do not agree with him there.

Japan's population to-day is about 60,000,000. It is increasing at the rate of almost 800,000 annually. These people, sober, industrious, energetic, enterprising, and brave must have room in which to expand.

They are cut off from the West coast of the Pacific by the opposition of the United States to Asiatic immigration. The same barriers meet them in the British dominions. The Monroe Doctrine prevents their establishing colonies in Central or South America. Mexico and Japan have always been very friendly. The secretary of Japan's Legation in Mexico has even told us that the Mexicans fancy that they and the Japanese are descendants of the same ancestors; and, certainly, there are many common traits in the Mexican peon and the Japanese coolie. This gentleman believes that an alliance between the two nations would be useful to both.

I cannot go into the history of the relations between Mexico and Japan, and between Mexico and the United States, except to say that Washington will inflexibly oppose an alliance between any American nation and Japan. On the other hand, the United States is also hostile to Japanese expansion in China. The immense concessions which soviet Russia has granted Mr. Vanderlip, who is merely another name for 'big business,' are regarded by Japan as a trespass upon its own commercial preserves. Japan sees every outlet for its enterprise and its growing population closed. It is a question of life and death for that country to find some field of expansion. Dispensing with diplomatic phrases, and getting down to hard facts, the conclusion is, that unless Japan does succeed, it must fight the United States, and win or perish in the conflict.

Naval rivalry in Europe ceased the day the last German war ships sank at Scapa Flow. England remains the only naval power of our hemisphere; and yet in spite of its financial embarrassments, in spite of the growing opposition of the English people to the prodigality of the Lloyd George cabinet, the present government is pre-

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paring to add large sums to its naval budget.

The reason is clear. England will inevitably be drawn into a war between Japan and the United States. Which side, is a secret of the future; for one would have to be 'intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity,' as Disraeli said of Gladstone, to talk seriously of the sacredness of treaties and alliances, after what the world has recently witnessed. But England would find itself in a very difficult position. The people of India are restless and their sympathies would be pro-Japanese. The Dominions are more and more determined to have their opinion count in the councils of the Empire, and they are equally anti-Japanese.

On the ninth of last December, Baron Sakamoto, a very eminent member of the Chamber of Peers, advocated renewing the Japanese alliance, but he insisted strongly that Great Britain must waive all the conditions of the earlier stipulation in the matter of possible hostilities between Japan and the United States. His words were received with general approbation. Public sentiment in Japan knows exactly what it wants. It wants to renew the Anglo-Japanese alliance, subject to the condition that England engage to join it, in case of war with the United States. On the other hand, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, which are to-day nations and no longer colonies, are in full accord with the United States in favoring a convention relating to Asiatic immigration as recently suggested by Senator Lodge.

It will take all of Lloyd George's suppleness to convince the White race and the Yellow race that he is the devoted friend of each. If he succeeds in getting the alliance past this Charybdis and this Scylla, he will have indeed won his title as the Celtic sorcerer.

[*L'Opinion* (Paris Nationalist Literary Weekly), *January 29*]

BRIAND'S SEVENTH CABINET

BY JEAN DE PIERREFEU

A CHAMBER filled to suffocation, humming with rumors, swarming like an ant hill, crowded benches, a public of professionals and amateurs, all equally impatient to see the curtain rise. Briand, with his Cabinet in battle line behind him, mounts the platform to read his declaration of policy.

The new head of the Ministry — for the seventh time, leader of a cabinet — is conspicuously unperturbed. He reads with his expressive voice — thrilling when it vibrates in its lower notes — clearly, with care, evidently intent only upon performing well a necessary duty. Article follows article; one by one he takes up the great questions which confront us. The Chamber applauds some passages and lets others pass in silence. Now and then, some impatient group audibly murmurs. A voice interrupts, another voice protests; whereupon the presiding officer

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strikes his bell vigorously, and the reader continues his recital.

Veterans around the press table comment aloud: 'Too long.' In fact, the Chamber begins to be restless. We can see that the representatives of the people are impatient to talk; but on the whole, they show model restraint. M. Briand reaches the end of his discourse without interruption, and quickly leaves the platform, amid sufficiently prolonged applause. At once, the Chamber becomes noisy and disorderly, like school boys released at recess.

We usually say that a ministerial programme means nothing. It consists of promises; and we judge cabinets by performances. The deputies, feeling, doubtless, that the new Premier's statement was a mere formality, listened with a slightly wearied air. Everyone knows that the present Chamber strives to be different from its predecessors. Elected under a more liberal franchise, composed for the most part of men new to the game of politics, it affects a particular interest in the general welfare. It was evidently guarding against seeming to throw itself into the arms of M. Briand. That gentleman, in turn, showed by his phlegmatic indifference, that he asked of the Chamber only the confidence due every new cabinet at the outset.

Did the attitude of Parliament betoken sagacity? That is by no means certain. It suggested an affected skepticism unrelated with actual conditions. Deputies who propose to outdo their predecessors, should have more faith in themselves.

However, the new Chamber has discovered that its task is by no means light, and possibly its confidence is somewhat shaken. I should have liked to see it more responsive to the ministerial programme. That would have suggested that the members knew what they wanted, and did not need instruction.

M. Briand stated clearly and precisely what he proposed to do. He cannot be accused of underrating his difficulties.

Methodically, he enumerated his tasks, one by one, in the order of their importance, explaining how he proposed to deal with each: German disarmament, reparations, the Eastern question, Bolshevism, the army law, financial and economic reconstruction, social reforms, administrative reforms, resuming relations with the Holy See, domestic policies. I could not see that he left us in the dark as to his proposals on any one of these burning questions. It would have been difficult to say more than he did in such a statement. Briand is too old an orator to waste eloquence on an occasion like this. He did not try to be brilliant, in order to invite applause. He chose a dry, matter-of-fact manner of presenting his proposals, in numbered paragraphs, setting forth plainly what he had in view.

Some of his statements seemed to me of exceptional gravity. For instance, referring to Germany he said: 'We have the power; we can, and we shall, employ it, if necessary, to enforce respect for all the engagements which have been signed. But Republican France is essentially pacifist, and it seeks to induce Germany to fulfil its obligations by peaceful means. France demands its due. It is reasonable. It does not demand what is impossible.' It would be difficult to misunderstand the sense and the significance of such a solemn declaration. Germany is not to be permitted to evade its obligations. It is given notice that our policy depends on its own policy, and that we shall not hesitate to adopt severe measures if it proves impossible to

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avoid them. He said further: 'Under present conditions, we shall follow the policy of our predecessors in refusing to recognize the soviet government.'

This Chamber of Deputies contains so many young men that it is particularly responsive to eloquence. It is easily moved to applaud even contradictory arguments, if they are advanced by able orators. As I have already suggested, a minister cannot secure that body's support merely by laying his programme before it. It wants to be convinced. That is why the Cabinet statement, with its intentional business-like simplicity, left the members cold and somewhat disappointed.

However, they woke up later, when the speakers warmed to the debate. There, surely, were orators enough. A dozen had registered interpellations. Some of these had the modesty to withdraw. Others talked without having anything to say.

Then M. Pressemane appeared. His specialty is making scenes and sowing discord. He implored the Chamber with vehemence, with exaggerated gestures, with alternating appeals and indignation, to witness the untold infamies of the bourgeois government. He is a speaker skilful in exciting his auditors to anger. A dangerous orator he must be, in great public mass meetings, when facing a trusting and untutored audience. He is a master of invective. Nevertheless, he wasted his efforts this time.

The man who really profited by the unsteadiness of nerves aroused by Pressemane's Socialist harangue was M. Forgeot. That gentleman is a polished orator. His voice is clear, well-modulated, and incisive. His gestures are restrained, graceful, and always significant. He does not belong to the studied, affected school of speakers. He talks without declaiming, but with vigor and persuasion. One notes that his speeches consist of two parts: first, a lucid, luminous statement of the problem he is discussing; second, a challenge to his opponents' logic, where he does not always disdain to resort to skilful sophisms. This is his moment of triumph. He becomes animated, alert, at once elusive and aggressive, and skilful the adversary who escapes his thrusts.

This time, he was in especially good form. Realizing that the Chamber was disposed to be ill-humored, he made a speech remarkably well calculated to undermine the confidence which the Cabinet demanded. Such speeches cannot be made impromptu. Forgeot knew, beforehand, what the Premier's statement would contain. He utilized to the utmost the advantage which a man with no responsibilities invariably has over a man who has every responsibility to bear. Discussing reparations, the speaker contrasted two attitudes: that of Poincaré, who wants us to exact the last ounce of flesh possible under the Treaty of Versailles, and that of Millerand, who considers it far safer to fix a definite sum. Should we scale down our payments? He concluded by asking which plan Briand proposed to follow.

Such a combination of malice and cleverness at once captivated the Chamber, which found itself in perfect agreement with the speaker, and fancied it had always agreed with him and wanted just what he did. The orator won new support with every word he uttered. Briand seemed already to be fading into the background of the Chamber's mind.

Suddenly, the charm was broken. Forgeot contrasted Catholicism and Bolshevism, invoking the first as the eternal defender of property, the true champion of conservatism. Why not utilize this tremendous force? But

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that was too audacious a conception. The enthusiasm of the Chamber chilled. Men at once comprehended that the speaker was talking like a philosopher and not like a statesman, whose business it is to maintain a sure majority in a Republican parliament. His theories were ingenuous, but were they practical? Except for a few young deputies, easily captured by fair words and new theories, the members realized at once that no cabinet could follow the speaker's proposals and survive.

That is why, in spite of the vigorous applause he received, this brilliant orator did not win the day. He was merely its poet laureate.

Night brings counsel. Briand, who thoroughly knows men, let the Chamber meditate for that period on what had been said. But that was enough. The moment the session opened the next day, he mounted the platform.

As we watched him ascend the steps to the speaker's tribune, quietly, a little heavily, slightly bowed, we all instinctively divined the incomparable mastery which this man possesses over a Parliament which can hide no secrets from his eyes.

Immediately, perfectly sure of the effect he wished to produce, he placed himself — by his attitude, his voice, his thought — in complete opposition to the young deputy from the Marne, who had spoken yesterday, and to whom all knew he intended to reply. Forgeot had been brilliant, aggressive, self-confident; Briand was prudent, indulgent, almost paternal. He knows that young men like dramatic situations — bold solutions, but that experience counsels prudence. Without being pedantic, with the utmost good nature, he gave the Chamber a lesson in political sagacity which was not lost.

First, he confessed the profound emotion he felt in the presence of the difficulties he had to resolve. His voice, his caressing inflections, expressed that emotion convincingly. But the Premier soon dropped that attitude. When you are devoting your whole soul to the service of your country, you must show yourself stouthearted. He intended to do the job in hand; and to do that well, he must have the full confidence of the Chamber.

Therefore, in order that he might receive this confidence, he wished first to reply to the criticisms of his cabinet selections: 'A ministerial crisis — it is the seventh which I have had the honor to resolve — begins and ends with men. That is to say, it affords an opportunity for a manifestation of many noble and generous sentiments. Here and there, it also may arouse sentiments which are not quite noble.' I leave you to imagine the combination of malice and good humor in these words. The Chamber laughed. It was already conquered. His manner pleased the members. The siren which had been painted as so dangerous yesterday, no longer frightened them. As he proceeded with his speech, the deputies found their sympathy growing for this veteran statesman, who explained so simply how we may do good work even with the imperfect instruments we are forced to use in this world below.

But the philosophical optimist rapidly yielded to the responsible statesman. There are boundaries which cannot be crossed without compromising the security of the country. To counsel disorder is madness. Whenever it becomes necessary to repress disorder, the Premier will do his duty.

Passing to the foreign problem, Briand explained his views in further detail. France expects the just fruits of her victory. She seeks peace, but it would be intolerable for her [illegible] made, after all her sacrif[illegible]

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of the nation which attacked her. France can rely upon her Allies; for she has never merited their confidence more than to-day. Going to the heart of the question, the Premier discussed the methods of obtaining reparation. The speaker of yesterday seemed to fancy that we had the choice of only two opposing methods. The Premier thought that there was at least a third; 'Not a fixed sum. It is not a good time to try that, when Germany is at its worst. But Germany is rapidly recovering, and this is to our advantage as her creditor.' The thing to do now is to protect the rights of France, with proper reservations for the future. Does that mean abandoning the Peace Treaty? Not at all. 'Imperfect as is the Treaty, it includes means of enforcement which the parties interested should not hesitate to employ.' There you have Briand's method of accommodating our policy to the facts. The Premier insisted particularly on the need of determining the sanctions which must be employed against Germany, in case that country sought to evade its obligations.

Next, the Prime Minister addressed himself to domestic problems — first of all the Vatican. He had been accused of dodging that question in his official programme. He dealt with it this time as decisively as could be asked. It had not taken him until to-day to appreciate the advantage of direct relations with the Holy See:—'During the [illegible] I had to enter by the postern [illegible] have preferred the portal [illegible] this, we need not be [illegible] all the pressure [illegible] the Senate to [illegible] ever, there is [illegible] between the [illegible] and that [illegible] ng his [illegible] the plan of a majority which it is an honor for a Republican government to possess. At his gesture, doubts vanished. They say that the present Chamber is 'conservative.' Briand, apparently, wishes to do away with that objectionable term. He stated, boldly, that we must defend our social reforms as resolutely as we defend our political liberty, for which the Republic has bled. He placed the question frankly before the Chamber. He asked it to show whether it was as loyally Republican as he; or whether it wanted to retrace its steps to the past. The enthusiastic applause which greeted the orator when he concluded was sufficient answer. The vote which followed was merely a formality.

So we can say that the Briand Cabinet starts out with a perfect understanding. The Premier has won the majority he wished. He has revealed to the Chamber not only his policy, but what is more important, himself. We are justified in hoping for fruitful coöperation between Parliament and the new ministry.

[*La Vanguardia* (Barcelona Clerical and Financial Daily), *December 11, 1920*]

QUEUE PHILOSOPHY

BY FABIÁN VIDAL

Our good citizens of Madrid have resigned themselves to queues. Though protesting against them vigorously at first, they have come to the conclusion that they cannot be abolished. Our Spanish post-war blundering has betrayed us into this absurd system of distribution.

One night I was returning from my club at three o'clock A.M. Queues were already beginning to form before the shops at that early hour. Ragged, hard featured women wrapped in shawls, untidy, shivering

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children, old men shaken by incurable coughs, a few street urchins, who were saving a place to sell to some late comer, and a very few men in mufflers, were standing guard, stoically enduring the assaults of the frigid norther. The night was one to test their endurance. A Madrid winter is not a thing to be toyed with. A pale, icy moon peered, now and then, through the breaks in the drifting clouds, as if mocking, contemptuously, the unfortunates standing in wait for a precarious loaf.

How, indeed, do these poor people manage to stand the cold?

Here's an old woman, who has brought from home a piece of mat, a brazier, and a wooden stool. Fortified with these, and with a well-worn wrap drawn around her shoulders, and an enormous kerchief over her head, she gossips with the others as she waits. Somewhat further on, three others in the queue have started a little fire and invite their neighbors to share its warmth. At the end of the line, others warm themselves by beating their arms and stamping, meanwhile singing nonsense songs at the top of their voices.

> St. John's night we go abroad,
> We go abroad, we go abroad,
> St. John's night we go abroad,
> To get what we are after.

It is not St. John's night, but December. I cannot help but admire the cheerful patience of the poor people of Madrid.

Late the next afternoon, I watched another queue in front of a tobacco shop. More men were in this line, but boys and women were still in the majority. This is explained by the fact that workingmen and petty clerks are at their places of employment. So they send some member of their family to get the little package of cigarettes which is their principal bit of self-indulgence. I chatted a moment with a jolly, talkative workman's wife, who was evidently a veteran at the business.

'What is it you want to know? I spend my whole life out here on the sidewalk waiting for things. This morning I was up at five to buy bread, and got my turn at half-past nine. They allowed me two small loaves. Then, I went to the oil queue. At twelve o'clock I bought half a liter, and took advantage of the opportunity to get some potatoes. Then, I went home, cooked dinner, made up the beds, and swept and dusted things a bit, and came down here. I have been waiting, now, two hours. I fancy in two hours more I'll be able to get a package of cigarettes for my husband.'

And this thing goes on, day after day. I have seen queues in Paris and London. I have seen them likewise in Rome. These governments had introduced rationing in the public interest. There was a real lack of food and fuel. Only the authorities could provide these. People said: 'It's war,' and thought of the soldiers at the front — of brothers and sons who were suffering incomparably worse hardships.

But in Spain, there is no sane reason for these absurd conditions — no excuse for the chronic state of conflict between capital and labor. Most of our strikes are made by self-seeking, ambitious, local labor dictators. In addition, our transportation system is out of joint. Added to that, our local governments make lamentable blunders. These things cause artificial scarcity, which drives our consumers to despair.

I do not know what the queues are like in other parts of Spain; but in Madrid they are a constant demonstration of the inexhaustible good nature of our people. When I watch them, I say to myself: 'How can they call a nation such as ours difficult to govern?'

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES

STEVENSON lovers will be interested in the sale of Colonel J. P. Nisbet-Hamilton-Grant's Archerfield property near North Berwick. In the grounds of the mansion (a commodious building commanding lovely views over the Firth of Forth) is a small building which was the scene of R. L. Stevenson's weird little story *The Pavilion on the Links*.

There is good shooting over the Archerfield estate of one thousand acres, but the royal and ancient game supersedes all other recreations, with a private course of eighteen holes on the property, and half a dozen first-class courses within easy reach.

Mr. Percy Grainger's New Suite

(*From the Observer*)

MR. PERCY GRAINGER'S Suite, *In a Nutshell*, which Sir Henry Wood introduced at Queen's Hall, embodies a laborious and none too successful effort to be funny. The very title is a mistake, the composer having, apparently, forgotten that a nutshell does not usually contain four nuts of different and unrelated species. If it did, Mr. Grainger might have been justified in combining into one work four wholly incongruous movements.

The first is a 'Humlet,' which unlovely word indicates the humming of a lover awaiting the arrival of his sweetheart by train, a proceeding described as 'great fun,' and illustrated by various American instruments of percussion, suggesting anything rather than a humming noise. More follow in quick succession, an imitation of a music-hall song and a pastoral section presumably introduced by way of contrast. After this, Mr. Grainger makes a rapid journey to his native land, and shows us some 'gum-suckers' relieving their thirst on the march by sucking eucalyptus leaves.

It is difficult to treat the work seriously, or, adopting the other view, to regard it as anything but a tedious jest.

French Red Cross Stamps

THE French Red Cross have issued some sets of artistic 'stamps,' a dozen in each set, on which are depicted in beautiful colors the various French Generals who distinguished themselves in the war. The stamps are headed 'Croix Rouge Française Association des Dames Françaises.' In the left-hand corner is a small red cross, and the name of the particular General is printed below the portrait. They have gummed backs; in fact, are got up in precisely the same way as postage stamps, and, if we may say so, are much more artistic than the postage stamps of our Ally. It is a good way of reminding people of the Generals who did so much to win the war, and, at the same time, recalls the fact that many of the men who served under them are still suffering, or incapacitated, as a result of that service.

'Miss Nelly' in London

DION BOUCICAULT and Alban B. Limpus begin operations at the Duke of York's with *Miss Nell of New Or-*

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leans, by Lawrence Eyre, an American playwright, who has crossed the Atlantic in order to give Mr. Boucicault his assistance and advice at rehearsals. It will be sufficient to add that the entire action takes place in a pretty, old world garden in New Orleans. In America, the heroine was represented by Mrs. Fiske, a sufficient proof that Irene Vanbrugh will find in it full scope for the exercise of her delightful comedy powers. She is to be supported by Barbara Gott, Ethel Wellesley, Helen Spencer, Mameena Kam, C. M. Hallard, Leslie Faber, Jack Hobbs, and Bessama Kofie.

Mr. Wells in Defense of His History

To the Editor of the *London Mercury:*

SIR: I have no time to deal at any length with Mr. Belloc's onslaught upon *The Outline of History* in your November issue, which has only just been brought to my attention. (November 20.) One instance, however, will suffice, I think, to demonstrate the intellectual honesty of this Catholic writer and justify my contemptuous disregard of the bulk of his pseudo-erudite shoutings. He quotes me as saying:

'At the close of the fifth century (A.D. 500), no vestige of the Western Roman Empire, the original Roman Empire, remained.'

He makes this quotation with a prelude, and with great elaboration; he calls it a 'key-statement'; he bases upon it a tirade covering six or seven pages. It is, I agree, a thoroughly silly statement. But I did not make it. Mr. Belloc *faked it up* out of this passage:

'We may now, with the help of a map, make a brief review of the political divisions of Europe at the close of the fifth century. No vestige of the Western Empire, the original Roman Empire, remained, as such. Over many parts of Europe, a sort of legendary over-lordship of the Hellenic Eastern Empire held its place in men's minds. The Emperor at Constantinople was, in theory at least, still Emperor.'

What do such little words as 'as such' matter to a man who defends the Faith?

Mr. Belloc also says that I waste 'pages and pages . . . on an imaginary figure whom I call "Jesus of Nazareth"'—I did not invent the name—and that this 'Jesus of Nazareth' was not only 'suburban' but 'a vulgar modern communist in his politics, a half-wit in mental grip,' and so on. These 'pages and pages' consist almost entirely of quotations from, or close paraphrases of, passages from the Gospels. Against the evidence of the Gospels, Mr. Belloc adduces a scrappy collection of quotations to show that Christianity was, from a very early stage, one of the numerous blood and ceremonial salvation religions that infested the decaying Empire; that it had its Mass very early. It is interesting to find a Catholic apologist repudiating and ridiculing Jesus of Nazareth altogether, but it only carries out the statement of the *Outline*, that organized Christianity is essentially a corrupted teaching. It is a teaching which 'broke back' to priestcraft and the blood sacrifice. The particular dates of the corruption are, after all, a minor consideration.

It would be tedious to argue with Mr. Belloc about what he calls 'The Representative Institution.' His italicized *Germanic*, his 'Teutonic' in inverted commas, are just his own controversial devices. I lay no stress on the Teutonic contribution to the representative method, but Mr. Belloc wants his readers to suppose that I do.

These three points cover the ground of most of Mr. Belloc's criticism. To deal with him in detail would be to embark upon a wrangle *à la Belloc.*

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I may note, in conclusion, that Mr. Belloc repeats his assertion, first made in the *Dublin Review*, that the theory of Natural Selection is exploded and dead and buried. This is probably due to some muddle in his mind between selection and the origin of variations. It is merely elementary common sense that there is a natural selection of every living species in each generation. Is it necessary to argue upon a point so plain?— Yours, etc.,

H. G. Wells.

Easton Glebe, Dunmow.

Oliver Twist's Birthplace

In St. George's Workhouse, now closed by the Southwark Guardians, several writers have claimed to discover the birthplace of Oliver Twist, and the place in which that 'greedy boy' made his staggering request for 'more.' Mr. W. B. Matz, in the current *Dickensian*, points out that the workhouse thus immortalized was in 'a certain town' at some distance from London. A guess at Rochester is dismissed, on the ground that Oliver entered London from the opposite direction.

In the serial edition of the story, Dickens named the town Mudfog, which has a riverside suggestion about it; but in volume form, the story appeared with the name cautiously omitted, and a note hinting that rumors had been abroad.

So the identity of Oliver's 'home' is lost, but the copper which failed to supply the 'more' is preserved, for a lasting memorial to Bumble.

Phèdre

The latest creator of the terrible rôle of *Phèdre* is Mlle. Ventura, well known to patrons of the Comédie Française. The critic of *La Force Française* thought her portrayal artistic and delicate.

Henley

It is good news to hear that Messrs. Macmillan have begun a new edition, in five volumes, of the works of W. E. Henley. The five books will be '*Poems, Essays, Plays, Views and Reviews*, and *Lyra Heroica*.' With regard to the latter, it is curious to find that in the most recent edition, just added by Messrs. Macmillan to the Golden Treasury series, the original error which appeared on the title page is still perpetrated. The page is adorned with the verse:

> Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
> To all the sensual world proclaim,
> One crowded hour of glorious life
> Is worth an age without a name,

which is attributed to Sir Walter Scott. As a matter of fact, as has long since been pointed out, the authorship is anonymous, the verse being used by Sir Walter as a chapter head to the thirty-fourth chapter of *Old Mortality*.

Vincent d'Indy

Vincent d'Indy's latest opera, produced recently in Paris, *La Légende de Saint-Christophe*, is striking, more for its combination of a classical spirit with modern methods than for any actual innovation. It approaches more nearly to the fusion of symphony and opera than any of its predecessors, not excluding *Tristan and Isolde* or *Parsifal*. Some of the Parisian critics, in their enthusiasm have gone so far as to compare it quite favorably, in inspiration and power, with the latter of these two works. For myself, there seemed too many fallings from the higher moments of inspiration to agree with this, and while there are many passages in which one lost one's self in the beauty and effectiveness of the writing, there were others that suggested too strongly the struggle of the composer to find the right expression for his thoughts.

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There were even similar contrasts in the matter of technique, more especially that relating to the dramatic production, which rises to heights of stirring force, only to fall again to depths of crudity that reduce one to tears.

It is scarcely necessary to recount the story of Saint Christopher, who achieved saintship at the same time that he cast away the errors of paganism to become a follower of Christ. As the composer, who is his own librettist, presents it, the giant Auferus, who has sworn to serve only the most powerful monarch, becomes, first, a servant of the Reine de Volupté, then, of the Roi de l'Or, transferring his homage thence to the Prince du Mal, whose weakness in turn is shown by his fear of the Cross. Some of the most impressive music is in the part of the Narrator, whose words, in a series of five Prologues, form the line of continuity.

There is also a very fine 'symphone descriptive,' *La Queste de Dieu*, in which the composer's gifts of melody and constructive writing are displayed to the full. This latter has been one of the most popular numbers in Paris, and should meet with success in England, if used as a concert piece by some of our great orchestras.

Rightly, however, the work develops a great emotional and musical climax where the fording of the stream is represented, and where Auferus, baptized by the Saviour himself, becomes Christopher, the Christ-bearer. After this, there is something of an anti-climax, and the scene of the martyrdom might well be re-written or even expunged.

With these criticisms, however, and the inevitable conventionality of the stage settings, the work is one of rare force and beauty which enhances the position of its composer, even in face of his great orchestral and chamber music.

Literary Notes

Mr. W. J. Locke is a prolific novelist, and in the twenty-six years that have elapsed since the appearance of his first novel, *At the Gate of Samaria*, he has written no fewer than twenty-two. The twenty-third is now announced, by Mr. John Lane, under the title of *The Mountebank*, and tells the story of an Englishman, brought up in a circus abroad, who rises to great heights in the war, and his subsequent adventures. Of late, Mr. Locke's books have appeared serially before their book publications, not always to their literary advantage, as in the case of *The House of Baltazar*, his most recent work, which bore very evident traces of its serial intention. It is to be hoped that *The Mountebank* will not equally disappoint us with the author of such a delightful romance as *The Beloved Vagabond* or *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne*.

Mr. Locke is another example of the ability of the mathematically-trained mind. He went to St. John's, Cambridge, that home of mathematicians, and graduated in the Mathematical Tripos in 1884. In later years he became secretary of the Royal Institute of British Architects from 1897 to 1907, and is still member of many foreign architectural societies, as well as the R.I.B.A.

Next month, we are to have somewhat of a new venture from Mr. Joseph Conrad, who hitherto, with the exception of *Some Reminiscences* published some nine years ago, has confined his genius to novels and short stories.

Notes on Life and Letters, as his new volume, to come from Messrs. Dent, is entitled, is a series of essays on life and current events, together with critical essays on his contemporary, and other, novelists.

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[*The English Review*]

THE RIGHTS OF YOUTH

BY EDWARD CECIL

It was generally supposed that the post-war period would be a period of reconstruction and progress. But many acute observers prophesied that it might be a period of reaction. There has been a great deal too much talk about reconstruction, for reconstruction postulates destruction, and there is not here, at home, anything like the destruction of the social fabric which some people suppose. It is, therefore, not at all surprising that while many platitudes are spoken about reconstructing a society which has not been destroyed, there is the danger that the forces of reaction may be secretly very successfully at work. And there are evidences that there is a pronounced tendency toward reaction in the present post-war period.

The people who will suffer if progress is stayed are the young people of the rising generation. And the forces of reaction which are actively at work at the present time are engaged in fighting what they consider to be the dangerous tendencies of Youth. That there are many vested interests in the country which at the present time desperately need every weapon which can be found to protect them cannot be denied, and it is not at all surprising that there is a pronounced reactionary movement in almost every sphere of life. And it is not in the least remarkable that we hear on all sides attempts to vilify, to depreciate, and even to ridicule Youth.

It is perfectly well known, of course, that Youth won the war. The young men were the men who really mattered in the army and in the navy. And the young women who were munition workers were the young women who really mattered at home. The war, however, is now over, and on all sides we find interested people seeking to muzzle and thwart the efforts of Youth.

Let us just examine a few indications of this movement.

First of all, it is being extensively asserted by old women of both sexes that the Youth of this country is immoral. What, of course, is really happening is that the Youth of this country is quite determined to destroy the old-fashioned immorality which was decked out in the clothes of Respectability.

At the same time, the churches are actively preaching, as the churches do, so frequently, that there is a wholesale disregard of Christianity. This presupposes, of course, that the churches are truly Christian, whereas the truth is that the churches have lost the spirit of Christianity. And the real fact which we have to take into account is, not that, owing to the war, the people have lost hold of Christianity, but that they have grown tired of the false representation of Christianity which is given to them in the accredited channels of Christian teaching.

Again, in government departments and in many big businesses, to say nothing of the government itself, there is a pronounced tendency to be overcautious, over-fond of compromise, and over-nervous of taking risks. This

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is peculiarly lamentable at a time when it must be perfectly obvious that there should be enterprise, courage, and that sane and well-founded optimism which is nothing more or less than belief in the future of the country and the Empire.

I have said enough, now, to indicate that Youth at the present time has rights in the present, and interests in the future, which have to be safeguarded. It has always been a drawback to this country that Youth is checked and muzzled. In our great rival, America, there is not the same tendency to depreciate the importance and the worth, the enterprise, the energy, and the divine insight of those who are young.

Now, let us examine certain fields in which at the present time Youth has a right to be heard. Surely, the present House of Commons is one of these fields. Here, we have an assembly of middle-aged and elderly men, where Youth is in a hopeless minority. I can think at once of two or three members of the House of Commons who are, perhaps, somewhat extravagantly young. But they must be very miserable men, for they cannot, possibly, find in the lobbies or in the smoking room much of the spirit of Youth which, doubtless, exists in their own lives. I see as a great danger for the young men who are the representatives of Youth in the House of Commons that their own Youth may be injuriously affected by the atmosphere into which it has been plunged. We are represented almost entirely in the House of Commons by middle-aged and elderly men, most of whom are full of old-fashioned, middle-class notions. And the sole representative of the women of the country, present in the House of Commons, has recently delivered herself of the profound observation that the present time, being a time of unrest, is not a time for taking steps in the dark, and that, at any rate, one important reform which was under discussion at the time when she made the observation should not be considered seriously, at any rate for five years, 'until things had settled down.' This is, emphatically, not the right spirit at the present time, and the rights of Youth to have a better world to live in are being frequently disregarded by the present House of Commons, where we need all the Youth, and all the spirit of Youth, which we can bring to the saving of our present very imperfect social structure.

But, after all, the House of Commons is not by any means the only field where at the present time Youth is needed. Take the government departments. If there is any place where Youth is profoundly needed, it is in the government departments in this country. The government departments of this country are responsible for a large amount of the misery we are suffering at the present time, most of which need not be suffered at all. The ponderous stupidity of the middle-aged mind, which finds its greatest embodiment in the typical permanent official of this country, is nothing more or less than a national calamity. There is not a single department in which Youth is not needed. All the waste which is going on, all the ponderous circumlocution, all the vast mass of utterly useless work, and all the tangle of formality and incompetence which encumbers the performance of necessary work must seem strangely laughable to the mind of intelligent Youth. We want a flood of Youth in our government departments, where it ought to be demonstrated that the incompetence of Youth is nothing, compared with the incompetence of middle age.

Youth demands a right to be heard, also, in the industry and commerce of the country. The spirit of enterprise,

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and the spirit of hope in the future are essential to the trade and industry of the country. New methods, new ideas, new fields for development are necessary if the wealth and prosperity of the Empire are to be built up quickly. It is necessary to build them up quickly. We have got to pay for the war, and we must do so as rapidly as possible. The longer we delay doing so, the longer we will be burdened with debt. We have therefore, in trade and commerce, to be up and doing, and it is our young men to whom we must look.

Youth has a right to be heard on boards of directors, and in business offices. The same kindliness toward incompetence, and the same sleepy encouragement to those who shirk responsibility, and the same fondness for making safe small things rather than taking any risk to gain great things — which have been the root causes of waste, extravagance, and failure in government departments, also threaten many industries and big enterprises. It is true, of course, that the healthy power of competition and the necessity to make a business pay, save most businesses from the lethargy and stupidity which paralyze the Civil Service, but it is still true that the trade and the industry of this country must be extremely enterprising and progressive if they are to hold their own in the economic struggle upon which we are now entering, if we have not already entered, with America, a resuscitated Germany, and Japan. Our trade and industry need all the life of Youth which can be put into them.

I will not say much at the present moment about the rights of Youth to be heard in moral and social questions. But the same necessity for giving a hearing to Youth exists in these spheres as exists in the spheres of government and industry, of which I have already spoken.

There is, in fact, a great danger that in the next few years the voice of Youth will not be given an adequate hearing in this country. In all spheres of activity, political, social, and moral, Youth has a right to be heard. It would be wise to encourage Youth and to educate Youth in every way possible. It would be wise to give the young men and the young women of the country ample opportunities of hearing every side of every question. And the opinions formed should be listened to. Youth won the war, and the future of the world belongs to Youth.

Youth has, therefore, a right to be heard, and the present tendency in so many quarters to depreciate and vilify Youth should be steadfastly snubbed and discouraged. There should be young men and young women in Parliament, not merely middle-aged men and middle-aged women. There should be young men and young women on boards of directors, and in church councils. There should be young men and young women in every sphere of authority, management, and enterprise. These young men and these young women will make mistakes, but the mistakes they make will not be any worse than the mistakes which are being made by those who pretend at the present time to possess a monopoly of wisdom.

We have suffered quite enough from the futilities of the middle-aged mind, and the stupidity of the middle-class standpoint. We want the clearer vision of Youth to purify our outlook upon the future, in order that we may the better believe in ourselves.

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[*The Athenæum*]

THE IMMORTAL WHITE WHALE*

BY AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

Where the sea beasts ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture ground,
Where the sea snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail with unshut eye
Round the world for ever and aye.
Matthew Arnold.

AND among these great whales, first, foremost, and immortal, is Moby Dick, the Great White Whale.

It is seventy years, just the measure of my own lifetime, since the white head and hump of Moby Dick suddenly loomed out of the blue water not very far to leeward. 'There she blows, there she blows, a hump like a snow-hill. It is Moby Dick.'

Earlier in the same year *The Whale* had been published in New York, and at once, as indeed might have been expected, aroused the enthusiasm of Nathaniel Hawthorne, but, though *Moby Dick* has been reprinted in England three or four times since 1851, none of these reprints has attracted sufficient attention.

Books have their fates, and it must not for one moment be supposed that this masterpiece of eloquence, character, and adventure, despite a small circulation, hard to explain even in the year of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, fell flat. It did nothing of the kind, for from the very first it numbered good intellects among the 'grown-ups,' and excited the same enchanted admiration among a limited number of fortunate children as then did, and do now, the books of that kindred spirit, though of the earth and not the sea, George Borrow.

* *Moby Dick; or The Whale.* By Herman Melville. With an introduction by Viola Meynell. 'The World's Classics.' (Oxford University Press. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Among those lucky youngsters, the godchildren of Apollo, were included some, subsequently, celebrated writers who, having been allowed to feed their infant genius on the quintessential oils and the delectable blubber of this incomparable beast, have risen into fame and attained a circulation quite beyond the dreams of the New Yorker, who, born in 1819, of (so Miss Meynell tells us), mixed Dutch and English stock, went to sea as a cabin boy on a vessel trading to Liverpool, and wrote *Moby Dick* in his thirty-second year. The sea remained Melville's element through a life which ended in 1891. The ocean he loved best was the Pacific, which 'rolls the midmost waters of the world.'

But, though there is no need to commiserate Herman Melville on his limited 'sales,' it was none the less a deprivation to a man of my age never to have encountered in the days of his youth, amid his various book adventures, the *Great White Whale*, the ship Pequod, the monomaniacal and crippled Captain Ahab forever pursuing Moby Dick round the world, the tattooed, lovable cannibal, Queequeq, with his pocket idol, the mysterious stranger Fedallah, the unaccountable Elijah, Starbruck, Stubbs, and Flask, and the rest of the crew of the doomed whaler.

How this came about I cannot guess, for the house was otherwise well-stored with masterpieces, but so it was; nor was it until I was some years older than Melville when he wrote *Moby Dick*, that I first heard his name. I owed my introduction to *Omoo*, *Typee*, and *The Whale* to that exquisite judge of a good book, Sir Alfred Lyall, who was shocked at my ignorance, and most emphatically urged me to read *Omoo* and *Typee;* but, as ill luck would have it, he did not specially dwell upon *The Whale*. To hear was, in those days, to obey, and a second-hand bookseller almost at once

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supplied me with these three books.

Even then I was not out of the Wood of Ignorance, for though I was greatly taken with *Omoo* and *Typee* I was not so bewitched by them as to begin at once upon the three volumes of *The Whale* — which I allowed to remain for a whole decade unread. One happy day, I took them down, and then, and then only, did Moby Dick swim into my ken. Oh, woeful waste! Is there, I wonder (looking all round me), another such book lying neglected in this very room? And yet, now, when full of my wrongs, I have discovered that all this time I had intimate friends, and even relatives, not much addicted to holding their peace, who knew all about Ahab and Bildad and Peleg and Moby Dick, and yet never gave me a hint of their existence. What on earth were they talking about all these years! I cannot remember. Now that *Moby Dick* is in the *World's Classics*, and can be had for half-a-crown of all booksellers, the excuses of Ignorance or Concealment can no longer be urged on anyone's behalf in the High Court of Taste.

The two striking features of this book, after allowing for the fact that it is a work of genius and therefore *sui generis*, are, as it appears to me, its most amazing eloquence, and its mingling of an ever-present romanticism of style with an almost savage reality of narrative.

Eloquence is no common quality in English books, for to be really eloquent in cold print requires great courage, almost impudence, mixed with an extreme sensitiveness of nature; and sensitive men are apt to be timid with their pens and to hesitate long before beginning a sentence with the particle O! 'I think it may be observed,' says Dr. Johnson, in his *Life of Pope*, 'that the particle O at the beginning of a sentence always offends.' Like most of the sayings that issued from the Johnsonian Mint, this dread *dictum* has a ring of truth about it, but it will not bear close examination. In the June number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1787, a learned critic, signing himself J. A., had no difficulty in supplying the cultivated readers of that admirable periodical with a number of famous passages both of prose and poetry, culled from Hebrew, Latin, and English authors of the greatest celebrity, all beginning with this bold particle. (See Walker's 'Selection from the *Gentleman's Magazine*,' Vol. II, page 341.)

I own to thinking but little of any author, be he poet or proseman, who dares not occasionally run the risk (and it is a risk) of beginning a sentence with an O! George Borrow never hesitated, and though Herman Melville is not so prodigal, he provides his readers with some splendid examples of this audacity; nor can I think that any reader of *The Whale* will deny the claim of its author to be one of the most eloquent of our English writers. To give curtailed examples, torn from the context of a book, the absorbing interest of which is all hung upon one peg — the pursuit of Moby Dick by the monomaniacal captain whose leg had been devoured by the sea-monster — would be a blunder, so I pass on to the second feature.

That most distinguished writer known to us all as R. L. S., who, in his bundle of good humors, had one especially delightful shaft which he often employed to make fun of himself, invented a new word whereby to describe his method of 'dressing up' a romance. He called it *tushery*. Now there is no 'tushery' in *The Whale*. It is romantic from end to end, and eloquent throughout, but it is also grim and real. As an acute feminine critic once said to me about Melville's style in *The Whale*, 'it bruises you all over.' You not only share the feelings, but all the hardships of the crew of the Pe-

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quod, and your bones ache accordingly.

To give quotations, as I have already said, would be ridiculous, but to those who fight shy of a book they know nothing about, *The Town-Ho's Story* (as told at the Golden Inn, Lima), or the chapter entitled 'The Whiteness of the Whale,' may safely be recommended to timid beginners.

It will be curious to observe whether a generation of readers brought up on another kind of fare will repair the injustice done by their grandparents in 1851.

Here and there a page, or even a chapter, of *The Whale* may be skipped with comparative impunity, but nobody but a sea-gudgeon can ever be sent to sleep between its pages. 'And whereas all the other things, whether beast or vessel, that enter into the dreadful gulf of the whale's mouth, are immediately lost and swallowed up, the sea-gudgeon retires into it in great security *and there sleeps*' (Montaigne in his *Apology for Raimond de Sebonne*).

We're not as 'gudgeons' are;
Smith, take a fresh cigar!
Jones, the tobacco-jar!
Here's to thee, 'Melville'!

[*Punch*]

THE WARDROBE

BY E. V. LUCAS

ONCE upon a time, there was a wardrobe in which a man's clothes were kept, the coats and waistcoats hanging over wooden shoulders and the trousers from clips. It was large enough for all his various suits, morning and evening; and they were all on fairly good terms with each other, even if the Harris tweeds were a little clannish and the frock-coat a little superior. This was because the frock-coat had been to a garden party at Buckingham Palace; for the owner of the clothes, you must know, was what is called a man about town, who had time and opportunity to do the correct thing.

The oldest suit in the wardrobe was one of the Harris tweeds. It had been there for fifteen years and was still worn on holidays. Its age and its Scottish sagacity made it the natural head of the company, and its advice was often asked; but, owing to the difficulty of following its Highland accent, was taken only by accident.

It was an exciting moment for the clothes every morning, when their master opened the door and took out a pair of trousers. He always took the trousers first, and the coat and waistcoat a few minutes later; but the choice of the trousers told what the coat and waistcoat would be. In these few minutes there was no end of chatter.

'Hullo! it's golf to-day,' the others would say, as the knickerbockers disappeared. Or 'A luncheon party, I think,' if it were one of the pairs of trousers worn with the frock-coat.

'I hope there 'll be some nice dresses to talk to,' the frock-coat would say, if it were his turn. Sometimes the waistcoat would be left behind, and then they would know it was a wedding, and one of the white waistcoats would be needed.

'I don't care much for weddings,' said the frock-coat. 'Although there's always a lot of company, it's usually too new to be interesting, straight from the tailor's and the dressmaker's. But what I most resent is the confetti.'

'Ay, man,' a Harris tweed replied, 'that's where we hae the advantage over you. Rain, snow, hail, confetti, rice — it's all one to us. We 're the only sensible practical suitings amang ye. But it's awfu' seeing the guid wholesome rice being wasted.'

'Economy! what a boring theme!' a fancy waistcoat remarked.

It was, also, always an exciting mo-

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ment when a new suit was hung in the wardrobe, because the new clothes brought tidings of the tailor's — the old homestead, so to speak — and there were countless questions as to who had cut it, who had stitched it, what changes there were in the staff, and so on.

In the evening, when their master came back, the excitement was confined to the dress-suit and the dinner-suit — which would it be? Would there be beautiful dresses, and, therefore, the long tails and white waistcoat, or just men only and a dinner-jacket? Not that other men's clothes are so dull: dinner-jacket can have a vast deal of gossip to retail to dinner-jacket; but full fig is more amusing. You see, some of the new gowns have delicious Parisian scandal to unfold, and the less discreet can even be counted upon for revelations of their wearers. It was well to keep in with daddy long-tails, as he was called, if you wanted to have these stories repeated to you.

As the week wore on, another excitement developed, for the great question which then began to exercise the clothes was —'Is he going away from Saturday to Monday, or not? And, if so, what will he take?' The actual packing, they did not like at all; being jammed together in a bag is no joke; but it was all right when they were unpacked amid the new surroundings. It was interesting, too, to see what kind of valets or maids there were, and if they were rougher with the brush than their own James was, or more gentle. James had a savage way of castigating them.

But when I say that all the clothes were agitated by this week-end problem, I am wrong. There were, of course, those that were out of season — they knew that their time could not come again just yet — and there was the pair of black trousers at the back, which could never go out unless someone had died. They were very seldom wanted, although the door never opened without giving them a little shock; but once — it was during a bad influenza epidemic — the black pair had been out three times in a fortnight. How they talked about it!

And then, one day, the man died, himself, although the clothes did not know for quite a long while that this had happened. He had often been ill before and had not needed them, and this might be the case now. They wondered exceedingly what was going on, but James never came near, and so there was no chance of discovering by asking his coat. Ordinarily, they liked it when James (and his brush) stayed away, but not this time.

It is a terrible day for wardrobes when their owners die, and they fall into the hands of the people who buy such things. I say 'buy,' but that is a slip: ladies' and gentlemen's wardrobes are not bought, as any advertisement column will tell you: they are purchased. These clothes were the perquisites of James, who, being a little brisk, fattish man, had no personal use for any of them, and so he transferred the whole lot to a dealer who snuffled through his nose, and had a Platonic love for Palestine.

It was then that their agonies set in. They were marked at prices disgracefully below their cost; they were handled and tried on; they were depreciated by intending purchasers and extolled without any truth at all by the dealer, who said that they had been the property of a Duke who was moving to the tropics; they were bargained over, and at last sold. And that was not the worst, for many of them were altered.

Only the Harris tweeds were happy. They did not care who wore them so long as they were worn and were out in the open air again.

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[*The National Review*]

AN ARMISTICE ANNIVERSARY IN CENTRAL AFRICA

BY F.

THE first pale pink streaks of dawn were showing when my 'boy' woke me up, by dumping down by the bedside my early morning cup of tea and slice of *paw-paw* (which in Bananaland is always pronounced 'papie'), and by rolling up the mosquito curtains. I wondered, drowsily, why he had called me so early, for in station I rose much later than this, and concluded sleepily that it must be the *dusturi* of the household of which, for the time being, I formed part. It so happened that I had been posted to another station, and was due to leave in two days' time, so that I had packed up and vacated my bungalow, and was now sheltering, for a few days, under the hospitable roof of the Director of Transport.

As I started to sip my tea, I noticed the boy was busily engaged digging in my uniform tins and extracting my full-dress white uniform, and the sight of this pricked my drowsy head wide awake. I now remembered why I was being called at dawn, and realized that I had a hectic day in front of me, and I was more than ever reluctant to get up, as I reflected that the next dawn would not be far off before I got into bed again. Subsequent events confirmed this.

This morning's sun heralded a day of days, not only in Bananaland, but throughout the Empire, and we were all determined that, situated though we were in the heart of Darkest Africa, none the less there should be no lack of pomp and circumstance and rejoicing. The official programme started with a thanksgiving service at the churches of all denominations. His excellency the governor, accompanied by his staff and the heads of departments, would attend divine service at the cathedral, arriving by car from headquarters, and those official residents in the station who were not detailed to represent the government at the churches of other denominations would also attend the cathedral service, as would, of course, the European non-official residents as well as the multitudes of native Christians who belonged to the Established Church. Then would follow a review of the troops by H.E. on the Coronation Ground, after which he would hold a levee, for which purpose a fine grass *banda* had been built behind the flagstaff, at the saluting point. It had been beautifully done, partly, by station labor under the orders of the district commissioner, and, partly, by natives under the orders of the *Lukiko* (the native Parliament of the Kingdom).

Next in the programme figured a semi-official lunch to H.E., given by my host, who was an old personal friend of his, and the afternoon was to be filled up with sports for the troops, police and *bakopi* (peasantry). The *pièce de résistance* was to be a miniature Marathon race from Luzera, the lake port, nine miles off, to the winning post on the Coronation Ground. After tea, H.E. would motor back to headquarters in time for the big dinner and bigger ball at Government House. There were to be fireworks during the course of the evening, both at headquarters

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and here in Mengo, and bonfires were to be lighted on prominent hills throughout the countryside. For weeks past, under orders of the various assistant district commissioners, the local chiefs and their head-men had been seeing to the clearing of spaces on suitable hill-tops, and the collecting and stacking of brushwood and logs. Great care had to be taken that the ground was well cleared for a good radius round each bonfire, in order to avoid the risk of a bush fire.

As regards my own personal programme, I had been detailed to represent the government at the Roman Catholic cathedral service of the White Fathers' Mission, and, after service, I was to escort the Father Superior to the review and levee. For the rest of the day, I was a free man. My host had invited me to meet the governor at the lunch he was giving, and after that meal I was going to bicycle the twenty-five miles in to headquarters in company with a subaltern of the King's African Rifles, as we were both to stay with friends and go on to the ball. I was to return by motor the next day.

So much for the future. Having quickly run through the programme in my mind, I set about getting up and dressed, and by the time I had climbed into uniform, the boy came to tell me breakfast was ready on the veranda overlooking the valley, where the sun was now striking warm on the green foliage of the banana plantations, and the smoke was curling up from the Nubi settlement at Kololo on the far hillside, while toward the lake, on the right, the mist still hung over the swamps. So far, there was no sound of my host stirring, for he was not going to office before kirk, and then he had not so far to go as I, as he was going to the English cathedral service. I should explain that the township of Mengo, comprising offices, shops, the Indian bazaar and quarter, lies in the valley, while the hills encircling it are appropriated for Missions and residential quarters. Thus, the *Kabaka* and the Court live on one, officials on another, the C.M.S., on a third, the White Fathers' and Mill Hill Missions, yet elsewhere. Each Mission has its own church on its own hill, built by native converts as a labor of love under their pastor's guidance. The finest edifice at one time was the cathedral at Namirembe, built of sun-dried bricks, reed work, and thatch, of which the special feature was the reed-work inside the high vaulted roof — the whole a very fine sample of native workmanship but most unfortunately it was struck by lightning during one of the frequent thunderstorms that sweep across that part of the country, the roof broke into a blaze, and in spite of the utmost exertions of the Mission, the police, and the troops, the building was completely gutted. After this calamity, the palm remained to the White Fathers, who had a fine cathedral built on similar lines. To this one I was presently to go.

While I consumed bacon and eggs on the cool veranda, the rickshaw which had chartered for the morning, with its four attendant boys, arrived, and the latter, remarking '*Jambo, Bwana*' that is, 'Greeting, master,' squatted down on their hunkers, until I should be ready to start. So, presently, in full glory of white duck and helmet, gold shoulder-straps and sword-knot, and glossy patent leather, I started out amid the jeers of my host, who had come out to drink his tea on the veranda. However, as he would soon be similarly disguised, I uttered some thing oracular about the pot calling the kettle black, and told the grinning boys to '*Genda mangu*'— in other words, to go quickly, for I had a hour's work to do in office before I set off to kirk.

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For the benefit of the uninitiated, let me say, here, that a rickshaw is a two-wheeled chariot to contain one or two persons, according to its size. Like a perambulator, it has a collapsible hood to keep sun or rain off the occupants, and its motive power consists of a team of four natives, one of whom pulls in front at the end of a pair of long shafts, and the other three push behind. All are leather-lunged, and many of them good and willing goers. They reduce clothing to a minimum — a pair of khaki shorts, a thin cotton vest and a rag, carried to mop themselves at intervals, is all they are burdened with — no boots, no puttees. To encourage each other, they sing nearly the whole time they are on the run. The leader (usually known as the *nyampara*) sets the tune and sings the verse — the three behind merely joining in at regular intervals with a deep-throated chant by way of chorus. The theme is usually one of poignant human interest about the manners, morals and peculiarities of the passengers at the moment in the rickshaw, which is sung in alto with a nasal howl flung in now and again to emphasize a pithy line of the saga. As the subjects of the ode are usually unacquainted with the particular dialect in which it is sung, nothing untoward, as a rule, occurs, though listeners sometimes wonder why passers-by may grin and shout at the singers, as the melody reaches their ears. On the other hand, it sometimes happens that the fare who is being serenaded *does* understand the language of the song, and a sharp whack with a *kiboko* and a few well-chosen words cut it short, though the singers are no whit abashed, but chuckle heartily among themselves at being caught out, and start again on some other and less personal and controversial theme.

However — to revert to our muttons — my boys jolted me along the grass track past the M.O.'s house on to the main road, past the mud tennis courts, and sped down the hill to the *boma* where my office was. There, they deposited me, and while I busily signed papers and ran through correspondence, I heard them chattering outside, and chaffing, in' kitchen' Swahili, the reliefs of the sepoy guard over the treasury.

As I worked, bells began to peal on the various Mission hills, rickshaws passed to and fro, and pedestrians streamed along. I looked out, and saw Goanese families decked out in their best — the women-folk and children with bright-hued hats and blouses packed into rickshaws, and the men with straw hats or jaunty felts, the most wonderful ties, and bright yellow boots — tramping along, chattering hard, all on their way to Mass. Native Christians in clean white caps and *kanzus*, and often, alas! boots or shoes many sizes too large for them, clopped along — numbers wearing over the *kanzu* (or robe) an old European jacket, from a buttonhole of which might be seen dangling a silver watch chain, the hall-mark of substance and respectability. Mingling with them in the crowd were Mohammedans, usually distinguishable by the red fezes they wore, on their way to answer the summons of the *mualim* calling from the mosque tower in the Indian quarter. I heard the guard called up to attention, caught the glimpse of uniform in a passing rickshaw, and realized that it behooved me to get a move on or I should be late at my rendezvous: so, having locked up the office safe, I dusted my shining Wellingtons, of which I was rather proud, and passed out to continue my jolting journey.

The bearded *naik* of the guard shook his head with resigned sadness as I passed him a word of sympathy, in Urdu, that he and his men were on

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guard this particular day, and would therefore be unable to take part in the sports, for I knew these Sikh warriors on hockey and soccer fields, and rarely have I met such tireless and fleet-footed athletes.

Off we went, the boys singing the louder to scare pedestrians out of their way and to emphasize the importance of their mission (at least, I so flattered myself). We ran along the main road through the bazaar, swung left-handed down over the bridge and across the causeway through the swamp, and began the long climb up the winding road; the more the boys panted and dripped, the more they sang to hearten themselves, and up we went in good style, only overtaken by scurrying parishioners who feared to be late. At last we turned the corner, to face the final and steepest piece of the climb, which leads to the hill-top where stand cathedral and Mission. The cathedral is on a terrace, and the road leads direct to the steps at the foot of this. As we crawled up the precipice, I saw two Fathers, dressed in the long white *soutanes* from which their Order takes its name, awaiting me at the top of the steps, and hovering in the background were what I took to be attendant acolytes and servers. I was a little alarmed at this preparatory sign of ceremony, but, remembering what charming men all the White Fathers I had met were, and, also, that for an hour I was invested with rare, though fictitious, importance, and must play a part accordingly, I began to look forward to an experience which would certainly be unique in my life.

The *nyampara* dropped the shafts at the foot of the steps, and I scrambled out. At the top of the steps, I clicked my best salute to the waiting Fathers, and as these shook my hand and greeted me in excellent English, I told them I felt much honored at having been selected to represent the government at their service, though I politely regretted that I was not a member of their church. As a matter of fact, this last was causing me some uneasiness, for I was not well up in the ritual of Catholic services, and as I knew I should be occupying a prominent position in the congregation, I did not wish to seem at sea and to find myself standing at an important point in the service when I ought to be on my knees, or some contretemps of that kind. However, I hoped for the best, and the two Fathers conducted me to the cathedral door, their retinue falling in behind us. As we passed out of the sunshine into the cool shade, I saw the cathedral was nearly full, hundreds of natives sitting on mats on the floor and on benches and chairs at the top of the aisle, many Goanese with a sprinkling of Europeans. The whole congregation rose as we entered and passed to the top of the centre aisle where, at the head, a large chair covered with a handsome rug was set, and in front of it a reed footstool of fine native work. Into this seat of honor, I was ushered by the attending Fathers, and when I sat down, I realized with some misgiving that all the congregation were behind me, and that I should only be able to watch the officiating priests. Their ritual, I knew, would be different to that performed by the congregation, and I should have, therefore, to take my cue from the sound of movements behind me, instead of watching and conforming to the 'drill' of some European on whom I had hoped to model my actions. However 'sufficient for the day. . . .' A harmonium was standing a few paces behind my chair, and very shortly this struck up, and the native choir, ranged immediately in rear, began to chant and the service started.

From this point onward, my impres

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sions are rather blurred. To my great relief, I found I could see out of the corner of my eyes a little native boy half-hidden by a reed pillar on my right front, and at the risk of acquiring a permanent squint, I kept a lowered gaze glued on him. When he bowed, I bowed; when he knelt or stood, so did I; and with his unwitting assistance, I think I came through the service without accident. My chief recollections remain the difficulties of kneeling when encumbered with strapped overalls and sword; my amazement at the heartiness, and, I must confess, the raucousness, of the chanting of the native congregation; the evident eloquence of the Father Superior, who preached a sermon in Luganda (hardly a word of which, unfortunately, I understood), and the earnestness and ease with which the officiating priests and their attendant native acolytes performed the intricate ritual.

This was Central Africa, and yet, here was an impressive thanksgiving ceremonial service in a reed and mud-brick built cathedral, conducted with the same finish and detail, and in the presence of a congregation as devout and reverent, as would be found in some historical cathedral of the Catholic faith in Europe.

Finally, I was aware that the Father at the harmonium was performing a triumphal march with all stops out, as the notes came hurtling through my back hair; and we all stood and waited for something, I knew not what, until a whispered voice in my ear asked me to follow, and I found one of my former cicerones at my elbow. Him I followed into the white glare outside, through a side door, where two or three other Fathers were waiting, to whom I was introduced, and who then led me to the refectory, where were gathered the rest of the Fathers with their Superior, who in turn welcomed me with charming French courtesy. Light refreshment was brought in the shape of delicious black coffee, brewed from beans grown on their own plantation, and dainty *petit-fours* of their own making. All the Fathers talked English more or less — one of them spoke it perfectly — and in the midst of polite small talk, and my expressed appreciation of the service, one of the Fathers brought in, and ceremoniously uncorked, a bottle of their famous white wine, which is 'grown' in the Algerian vineyards of their Order. Glasses were filled, and the Father Superior, handing me one, bowed, and in a few happy words asked us to drink to the health of the King, of whose dominions our far-away Protectorate formed a happy and loyal small portion. And here is where I perpetrated an amusing but appalling blunder!

I was firmly, though stupidly as it turned out, convinced that the White Fathers of Algeria formed a purely French Order (certainly all the Fathers I had previously met were French), and as I had spoken French fluently from boyhood, I thought it would be a graceful compliment to return thanks in French for their courteous and loyal toast to my King, whose government I humbly represented. Thereupon, in this language I did so, and ended up by asking them to allow me to drink to the prosperity of their Order and the fair fame of the Republic. There was a moment of surprised silence, and then a shout of kindly laughter went up!

I saw I had put my foot in it and felt my face crimson, but the Father Superior clapped me on the shoulder and said, '*Mon cher monsieur*, excuse our bad manners — we much appreciate the would-be pretty compliment you have paid us, and fully understand the sentiments you have expressed, *mais voyez-vous*, you have made a little joke! In point of fact, ours is not a

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purely French Order, as you imagine, but rather a cosmopolitan one. There are, *donc*, seven of us here. Now, three are Belgians, one is Italian, one is Canadian [he who spoke English so perfectly], and, lastly, only two of us are French, and we happen both to be Royalist!'

I apologized profusely, and so amid merriment we broke up, to adjourn to the review and the levee. The Father Superior was coming with me in my rickshaw, but the rest of them were walking. Now, with all due respect, it must be mentioned that the good Father Superior was of some girth and of corresponding avoirdupois, and he and I squeezed into the rickshaw with difficulty, and once in, we were wedged tight and none too comfortably. We started off at a walk down the steep hill, all the boys 'back-pedaling,' so to speak, with all their weight, to prevent the rickshaw getting out of control — but the plump Father was too much for the team: their walk became a shuffle, the shuffle a rapidly quickening trot, and before I had fully grasped the situation, I found we were bowling at breakneck speed down the hill, the rickshaw rocking from side to side and threatening to throw us out every moment, the boys uttering cries of fear and warning, the good Father pushing off little exclamations of alarm and exhortation to the boys, while I was shouting at them in a mixture of Swahili and Luganda, to hold on tight and take care at the approaching corner. I felt certain we should get tipped out here, and I could only hope there would be no broken bones, and that we should come off with nothing worse than a smashed wheel and a bad shaking. By a miracle, however, none of this happened. The boys pluckily hung on like grim death, and with considerable skill, the leader took the corner at just the right moment, and we swung round and just balanced on one wheel, as I was flung into the Father's embrace; but we pulled up, all present and correct, for the panting boys to regain their breath. I had to offer a fresh apology to my companion for the unceremonious pace of my chariot, and the surprising lack of respect shown to his presence, and I really feared I had hurt him coming round the corner, for when I was thrown into his arms, my sword-hilt was jammed heavily into his — er — profile! However, the much-tried man took it all with the greatest good humor, assured me he was unhurt, and that he should chuckle over his experience for many a day. We reached the review ground without further mishap, and I handed my charge over to higher authority, who took him off to a good place in the *banda* behind the saluting point, from where he would be able to see the march past.

My boy had seen me arrive and came up with my kodak, and now I set about taking some snapshots of the ceremony

I had just taken snaps of the troops and of the *banda* and the general scene, and was winding a new film along, when a hoarse roar and a crash startled me, the drums and bugles broke out into a fanfare, and I looked up to see H. E. arriving at the saluting base. The long line of bayonets flashed in the white sunshine as the parade came to the 'present.' I hastily snapped him, and as the drums were skillfully rolled, I noted how wonderfully steady the troops were standing — not a tarboosh moved.

Later on, I learned the secret of this success. It is one of the hardest things to insure men standing stock-still on ceremonial parades, so, for some time beforehand, the colonel used to have the battalion fall in each night at sunset and made to stand rigid during the time the bugles sounded 'Retreat.

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Certainly the result of the training reflected the greatest credit on all concerned.

By no means the least interesting or important personage present, who had witnessed the review with much enthusiasm, was the young *Kabaka* or king of the country. An intelligent, bright-faced lad, chaperoned by his English tutor and attended by his Prime Minister and regent chiefs, he looked unusually solemn in his gold-embroidered State robes, and tarboosh with jeweled egret spray, for he was a more familiar figure in a cricket shirt and blue shorts, playing golf on the links of an evening, over at Nakasero, than dressed in the magnificence of an Eastern potentate. *Saza* chiefs and petty chiefs, natives by the thousand, Indians, Arabs, and even Somalis had all thronged to watch the display, and after greetings and some conversation with the *Kabaka* and his entourage, H.E. received the leaders of each sect. For some time, the roped-off enclosure round the *banda* and the cool shades inside contained an animated kaleidoscope of white and khaki uniforms, colored turbans and flowing robes, white *kanzus* and gold-embroidered *johos*, and complexions varying from English sunburn to jet black, the intervening shades covering coffee, ivory, brown, yellow, and mahogany.

H.E. and F—— were going back to headquarters by car after tea, but as I was going to do the twenty-five miles on a push-bike, I had to miss the sports, and so, making my excuses, I slipped off to change soon after lunch. My personal boy had gone in to headquarters that morning by motor-van, with my tin bath containing mess kit and the gear I should want, so I had no luggage to take with me. I got out of white uniform and into stockings and shoes, khaki shorts and *safari* shirt — a much more comfortable rig — and picked up Buster Brown at the corner of the parade ground below the jail, and off we started. We were both rather sorry to miss seeing the sports, but there was no alternative, as we wanted to be at the ball still more. The road between Mengo and Port Alice affords good going in the dry season, for it is a (nominally) metaled motor road. It is true, the government van runs along it once a day, year in, year out, bar mishaps, but, whereas in the dry season there is little cause of complaint, in the wet season one makes pretty heavy weather of it, whether by bike, rickshaw, or van. Luckily for us this was the dry season, and we pushed along in fine style. The road is planted the whole way along, at regular intervals, with young Para rubber trees, and lovely country lies on both sides. For some way out of Mengo, one passes through banana *shambas*, and then these give way to trees, bush, and elephant grass, at one spot the road running through a lovely little bit of forest; and just after we passed through this, a troop of gray monkeys scampered across the road and fled chattering into the trees. Every now and again, we saw ant-hills — big, conical-shaped mounds of red earth three to eight feet high, with clouds of white-winged ants flying in and out of the big holes near the base. At last, we caught the first glimpse of the lake, and next saw the Roman Catholic Mission buildings on Kisubi Hill, and knew we were nearing our goal. Soon, we came to Pordage's house, pedaled through the Indian bazaar, and were yapped at by mongrel curs and salaamed by their owners, squatting alongside their stalls, and finally climbed the hill to the station, past the police office and its trim compound surrounding the well-thatched huts of the Askaris. So on, by the German Vice-Consulate, the bank, native bazaar, and the High Court to

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thé club set on the hill overlooking lake, golf course, and sports ground. Right glad were we of long drinks and a rest in that most comfortable and sociable of clubs, before we parted to go to the bungalows of our respective hosts and change for dinner.

My own hosts, the Auditor and his wife, had one of their most cheery dinner parties, and about 9.30 P.M. the whole station, in rickshaw and on foot, climbed the hill to Government House, where, to the strains of a Goanese band consisting of piano, two violins, and a flute, we footed it heel and toe into the wee sma' hours. The gardens were prettily lit up with lights and Chinese lanterns, while small tents and chairs, arranged at not too frequent intervals, made secluded and appreciated sitting-out places. The light breeze off the lake kept us cool, and a champagne supper added considerably to the gayety of rations; so, when, rather footsore, I later sought my bed, I reflected that we had 'jubilated' to some purpose here, in this corner of Darkest Africa!

[*La Ilustracion Española Y Americana* (Illustrated Political and Literary Weekly), *Jan. 8*]

THE HOBO: AN ARGENTINE TALE

BY FEDERICO S. MERTENS

GEORGE took his hat and cane and said to Aurelia, who was busy typewriting her husband's weekly article for *El Enciclopédico:*

'I'm going to the office, my dear. If a hobo — you understand? a hobo — now listen — should come, tell him to wait; that I'll be back in a moment.'

'A hobo?' asked Aurelia, equally surprised and curious.

'Yes.'

'What business would a hobo have with you, George?'

'I'll tell you,' said her husband, pausing to lay his hat and cane down on the desk. 'I noticed this hobo every afternoon seated on a bench in the *Plaza del Once*, watching the children run about, with an expression in his eyes that seemed to say, "Be happy, be happy while you can, little creatures, you'll suffer enough later!" On another occasion, I was struck by his demeanor toward some lovely young girls who were passing; I should say they were n't more than eighteen years old. They stared at him with a certain puzzled interest, while a grimace, half repugnant, crossed his face.

'The girls, startled by his enigmatic glance, hastened their steps, timidly turning around once or twice to look back at the man of sombre presence.

'Really, his glance did inspire fear. I was conscious of a little tremor myself.

'It made me anxious to know more of his history, and perhaps use it for literary material. There was something in his eyes that inspired you with a feeling that the story of a tragedy lurked in their depths.

'So, one day, I stepped up to him, laying my hand respectfully on his shoulder, and said:

'"Enjoying the fine weather, Don Fermin?"

'Before he could open his lips to me to say "I am not Don Fermin," I bowed respectfully, and taking off my hat, said:

'"I beg your pardon, sir; I made a mistake."

'"No offense," muttered the man, without moving.

'"You are the exact double of a relative of mine," I added.'

'Impudence!' interrupted Aurelia.

'I beg pardon, my dear; it was the first thing that occurred to me to start a conversation.'

'No offense,' said Aurelia, mimick-

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ing the hobo, with a little giggle that started her husband laughing, and adding, immediately, with eager curiosity:

'Go on, George, go on.'

'Well, "you are the perfect double of a relative," I repeated. But my man's only reply was to glance at me indifferently, and resume his contemplation of the children and young people passing by.

'"What a simpleton!" I commented to myself, as I passed on. The next day, I noticed him sitting on the same bench. This time, I sat down next to him, and began to read *La Nación*. I pretended to be absorbed in my paper for a few minutes, and then, taking out my cigarettes, I asked him if he would have a smoke.

'"Thanks," he said, taking one.

'I took a match, and, offering him a light first, lighted my own cigarette, and remarked between my teeth:

'"Fine afternoon, eh?"

'"Fine" he answered.

'Had the man guessed my intention, and proposed, like most unfortunates of this class, to keep the secret of his misfortunes to himself? Had he guessed I was a journalist, and was he amusing himself in playing me a bit, before giving me an opportunity to draw his portrait? Or, was he just what he seemed, a saturnine man of few words, born taciturn?

'All I can say is, that on this and several subsequent occasions, I utterly failed to get into conversation with my hobo. But I did n't give up. I told myself that patience will accomplish anything, and persisted.

'I stopped and chatted with him every day, and, gradually, saw that I was winning his confidence, which began with his letting me know his name — Ernesto — although he never told me his family name, merely saying that it was the same as that of one of the most prominent families in "your Eastern Republic," which was also his native country.

'Later, he told me of some of the escapades in which he had been involved, pretending, as many men of that character do, that he had plunged into them in order to forget an unhappy love affair.

'"I've been in France, Germany, England, Italy, and in most parts of Europe. To-day, although I have a good education and know several languages, I am what you see; a miserable, low-down hobo. Yes, and this is all on account of the woman whose name you have been trying to get hold of. You've been trying to get me drunk, and even have invited me to your house in order to find it out. Then, you would write a story. But would you put in the proper names, so that the woman could suffer as she merits? Commit suicide, or something'?

'Do you mean to say,' interrupted Aurelia again, 'that he has already told you his life story?'

'Practically.'

'Tell it to me. The man has interested me so much that I'm dying to know what really did wreck his life.'

'Very well, listen:

'At twenty-three years of age, my hobo started on his unhappy career by falling head over heels in love with a beautiful Easterner — like all your country-women, a magnificent brunette of the Moorish type, with big black eyes, and that sort of thing. Those big, black eyes, you know, are always bewitching. She reciprocated his passion, and they both used to laugh at the idea that happiness is a delusion in this world.

'Only a month before the date set for their marriage, he was compelled to leave suddenly for Italy. His father, who was seriously ill, had been ordered there at once for his health.

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'Having an intuitive presentiment, perhaps, of what might happen, he desired that their marriage should occur before he left. This proved impossible, however, and after mutual reciprocal protests of undying devotion, he parted from her, happier, if possible, than ever.

'For a few months, her letters were frequent, and filled with expressions of devotion. Gradually, however, they became rarer and cooler in tone. Finally, one day, he heard from her for the last time, begging his forgiveness, and saying that she was to marry another; and asking him to keep the fact of her earlier love for him a secret.

'For a time, he was in complete despair, and dreamed of nothing but revenge. Later, he tried to forget his trouble in dissipation.

'Eventually, his father died, leaving him a very large estate, which he speedily lost, mostly on the gaming table. In a few years, it had vanished.'

'And then?'

There was such a tone of intense interest in Aurelia's interruption that George glanced up, and noticing the paleness of his wife, said:

'What is it, my dear?'

'Nothing; I'm just nervous. You know that sad stories always agitate me. Don't you recall how distressed I was the other day by that story of Maupassant's?'

The tall clock in the hall struck three, with the melancholy timbre of an ancient memory.

'Well, my dear, I've got to go to the office. It's already three o'clock. If he comes, tell him to wait. I'll be back in a few minutes.'

. . . . . .

'Madam, there is a hobo asking for the master.'

'Have you sent him away?'

'Yes. I told him the master was not at home.'

'Call him back at once, and tell him to come in, said Aurelia, leaving the room. When he gets here, tell me.'

The servant hastened out, coming back a moment later with the invited caller, whom she left in the office; then she hurried to announce him to her mistress.

The human wreck who sat there was probably a man of thirty-five, of unusual height, in spite of his stooping posture. You could hardly discern his countenance, so completely hidden was it by his unkempt beard and dirty tangled locks. His only striking feature was his eyes, brilliant, lucid, and sad. His only garments, apparently, were his ragged trousers, and an equally dirty and ragged jacket. A cap several times too large, and soiled by frequent contact with the earth, covered his faded auburn hair. His apology for boots had long ceased to deserve that designation.

The hobo, motionless, with his arms limp by his side, surveyed with evident contempt the ostentatious luxury of the room. What were his thoughts?

The door suddenly opened, and Aurelia appeared.

A hoarse, grating exclamation o surprise, of stunned astonishment, escaped the man.

'Aurelia!'

Aurelia advanced toward him.

'Ernesto!'

'But it's you? It's Aurelia? You . . . You . . .'

Aurelia shrank back, terrified at the contraction of hatred in Ernesto's face.

'Pardon me, Ernesto. I have no excuse. I was ungrateful, I know But you know why. What would you have? Love has always caused more cruelty and misery than happiness You must be a decent, reasonable man; you must forget me, and you must promise, first of all, to have

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nothing more to do with my husband. You must promise to give up this miserable way of living. I cannot bear to see you like this. You must become the Ernesto you were. Please, will you promise me this?'

Ernesto looked at her for a moment in silence. Then, lowering his glance, he repeated to himself Aurelia's words:

'Love has always caused more cruelty and misery than happiness.'

As if disarmed by the thought, he said:

'I promise part. I promise not to see your husband. I cannot promise not to forget you. I will promise other things, if you ask, but don't ask me to give up this "miserable way of living." No. Not that. I'm happy this way. I'm most happy like this!'

. . . . . .

'Didn't my man come?' asked George, when he returned from the office.

'Yes,' said Aurelia; 'he came and waited for quite a time, and I think got tired.'

George remarked that he would come back the next day; and when he failed to do so, he went to hunt him up in the *Plaza del Once*. Greatly to his surprise, the man was not there.

So George spent a week, a month, looking for him; a year, hoping he would come back, and then, finally, imagining that he must be dead, decided to write the sad story of the hobo, using fictitious names.

[*The New Statesman*]

HENLEY THE VAINGLORIOUS

BY ROBERT LYND

HENLEY was a master of the vainglorious phrase. He was Pistol with a style. He wrote in order to be overheard. His words were sturdy vagabonds, bawling and swaggering. 'Let us be drunk,' he cried, in one of his *rondeaux*, and he made his words exultant as with wine.

He saw everywhere in Nature, the images of the lewd population of midnight streets. For him, even the moon over the sea was like some old hag out of a Villon ballade:

Flaunting, tawdry and grim,
From cloud to cloud along her beat,
Leering her battered and inveterate leer,
She signals where he prowls in the dark alone,
Her horrible old man.
Mumbling old oaths and warming
His villainous old bones with villainous talk.

Similarly, the cat breaking in upon the exquisite dawn that wakes the 'little twitter-and-cheep' of the birds in a London Park, becomes a picturesque and obscene figure:

Behold
A rakehell cat — how furtive and acold!
A spent witch homing from some infamous dance
Obscene, quick-trotting, see her tip and fade
Through shadowy railings into a pit of shade!

Or, again, take the description of the East Wind in *London Voluntaries:*

Out of the poisonous East,
Over a continent of blight,
Like a maleficent influence released
From the most squalid cellarage of hell,
The Wind-fiend, the abominable —
The Hangman Wind that tortures temper and light —
Comes slouching, sullen and obscene,
Hard on the skirts of the embittered night;
And in a cloud unclean,
Of excremental humors, roused to strife
By the operation of some ruinous change,
Wherever his evil mandates run and range,
Into a dire intensity of life,
A craftsman at his bench, he settles down
To the grim job of throttling London Town.

This is, of its kind, remarkable writing. It may not reflect a poetic view of life, but it reflects a romantic and humorous view. Henley's humor is seldom good humor: it is, rather, a sort of boisterous invective. His phrases delight us, if we put ourselves in the

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mood of delight, like the oaths of some old sea-captain. And how extravagantly he flings them down, like a pocketful of money on the counter of a bar! He may be only a pauper, behaving like a rich man, but we, who are his guests for an hour, submit to the illusion and become happy echoes of his wild talk.

For he has the gift of language. It is not the loud-sounding sea, but loud-sounding words, that are his passion. Compared to Henley, even Tennyson was modest in his use of large Latin negatives. His eloquence is sonorous with the music of 'immemorial,' 'intolerable,' 'immitigable,' 'inexorable,' 'unimaginable,' and the kindred train of words. He is equally in love with 'wonderful,' 'magnificent,' 'miraculous,' 'immortal,' and all the flock of adjectival enthusiasm.

> Here, in this radiant and immortal street,

he cries, as he stands on a spring day in Piccadilly. He did not use sounding adjectives without meaning, however. His adjectives express effectively that lust of life that distinguishes him from other writers. For it is lust of life, in contradistinction to love, that is the note of Henley's work. He, himself, lets us into this secret in the poem that begins

> Love, which is lust, is the Lamp in the Tomb.

Again, when he writes of Piccadilly in spring, he cries:

> Look how the liberal and transfiguring air
> Washes this inn of memorable meetings,
> This centre of ravishments and gracious greetings,
> Till, through its jocund loveliness of length,
> A tidal-race of lust from shore to shore,
> A brimming reach of beauty met with strength,
> It shines and sounds like some miraculous dream,
> Some vision multitudinous and agleam,
> Of happiness, as it shall be evermore!

The spectacle of life produced in Henley an almost exclusively physical excitement. He did not wish to see things transfigured by the light that never was on sea or land. He preferred the light on the wheels of a hansom cab or, at best, the light that falls on the Thames as it flows through London. His attitude to life, in other words, was sensual. He could escape out of circumstances into the sensual enchantments of the *Arabian Nights*, but there was no escape for him, as there is for the great poets, into the universe of the imagination. This may be put down in a measure to his long years of ill-health and struggle. But even a healthy and prosperous Henley, I fancy, would have been restless, dissatisfied, embittered. For him, most seas were Dead Seas, and most shores were desolate. The sensualist's 'Dust and Ashes!' breaks in, not always mournfully, but at times angrily, upon the high noon of his raptures. He longs for death as few poets have longed.

> Of art and drink I have had my fill,

he declares, but the conclusion of the whole matter is:

> For the end, I know, is the best of all.

To his mother, to his sister, to Stevenson, he writes this recurrent message — the glad tidings of death to come. Man's life is, for him, but a child's escape among the shows of a fair:

> Till at last,
> Tired of experience he turns
> To the friendly and comforting breast
> Of the old nurse, Death.

And in most of his poems on this theme, it seems to be the peace of the grave he desires, not an immortality of new experiences. There is one moving poem, however, dedicating the 'windle-straws' of his verse to his wife in which a reference to their dead child suggests

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that he, too, may have felt the hunger for immortality:

Poor windlestraws
On the great, sullen, roaring pool of Time
And Chance and Change, I know!
But they are yours, as I am, till we attain
That end for which we make, we two that are one:
A little exquisite Ghost
Between us, smiling with the serenest eyes
Seen in this world, and calling, calling still,
In that clear voice whose infinite subtleties
Of sweetness, thrilling back across the grave,
Break the poor heart to hear:
'Come, Dadsie, come?
Mama, how long — how long?'

Sufferer and sensualist, Henley found in the affections some relief from his savage unrest. It was affection that painted that masterly sonnet-portrait of Stevenson in 'Apparition,' and there is affection, too, in that song in praise of England, 'Pro Rege Nostro,' though much of his praise of England, like his praise of life, is but poetry of lust. Lust in action, unfortunately, has a way of being absurd, and Henley is often absurd in his lustful — by which, I may say, I do not mean lascivious — poems. His 'Song of the Sword' and his 'Song of Speed' are both a little absurd for this reason. Here, we have a mere extravagance of physical exultation, with a great deal of talk about 'the Lord,' who is — to the ruin of the verse — a figure of rhetoric and phrase of excitement, and not at all the Holy Spirit of the religious.

The truth is, Henley was, for the most part, not a religious man, but an egoist. He saw his own shadow everywhere on the universe, like the shadow of a crippled but undefeated lion. He saw himself sometimes with pity, oftener with pride. One day, he found his image in an 'old black rotter of a boat' that lay stranded at Shoreham.

With a horrid list, a frightening lapse from the line,
That makes me think of legs, and a broken spine.

But he preferred to think, as in the most famous of his poems, of his 'unconquerable soul,' and to enjoy the raree-show of life heroically, under the promise of death. To call this attitude vainglorious is not to belittle it. Henley was a master in his own school of literature, and his works live after him. His commixture of rude and civil phrase may be a dangerous model for other writers, but with what skill he achieves the right emphasis and witty magniloquence of effect! He did not guess (or guess at) the secrets of life, but he watched the pageant with a greedy eye, sketched one or two figures that amused or attracted him, and cheered till his pen ought to have been hoarse. He also cursed, and, part of the time, he played with rhymes, as if in an interchange of railleries. But, anyhow, he was a valiant figure — valiant not only in words, but in the service of words. We need not count him among the sages, but literature has also room for the sight-seers, and Henley will have a place among them for many years to come.

[*The Landmark*]

AMERICA REVISITED AFTER TEN YEARS

BY JAMES F. MUIRHEAD

A MONTH in two seaside resorts, separated by many miles of land or water from the nearest railway, even when broken by a few days in Boston, hardly entitles me to more than a prefatory remark under the above head. But first, fresh impressions always have a quality of their own, quickly blurred by succeeding experiences; and these summer colonies attract many interesting men, representing the views of various professions, careers, and sections of the country. Hence, I hazard a few

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remarks even though they may call, hereafter, for considerable editing.

Perhaps the first deep impression made upon a Briton visiting the United States at this time is the feeling that he has come from a country that has been through hell, to a country that has barely touched its fringes. America is so remote from the point where the red-hot meteor of disaster plunged hissing into the ocean of humanity that we seem for the most part concerned merely with the outermost, the most 'conversational' ripples of the spreading circle. In the community where I write these words, I know of no home that has suffered the irremediable bereavement; in an English colony of the same kind the task would be to find a home that had not.

This is not meant to belittle the services and sufferings of America in the war; I do not overlook the thoughtful section of the people to whom distance has but helped to give clearer and deeper views of the world-catastrophe; and I do not forget the quite extraordinary manifestation of voluntary self-denial made by the American people to aid their far-off friends. But the fact remains that America is not under the war-cloud as we are; only here and there is its shadow markedly evident.

England, stunned by her war ordeal, seems more than ever dumb and inexpressive as compared with the United States. The extraordinary multiplicity of American interests, and the vividness of their pursuit make a very striking note. At its worst, this produces, at least on the slow-moving Briton, an impression of chaos, superficiality, and lack of proportion; at its best, it is most gratefully wide-minded and human. A natural result of this multifariousness is a certain lack of thoroughness, or rather (perhaps) a carelessness as to all except the essentials of a situation which involves a considerable amount of untidiness, both material and mental.

The ordinary American newspaper, for example, is so voluminous and all-embracing that its arrangement is apt to be disorderly. The admirable writing of the editorial page often seems out of harmony with the trivial, almost childish matter in other columns of the same journal. It is not that we cannot match the feeblest paragraphs in American papers in some of our own dailies; but it is the curious juxtaposition of the good and the bad that makes one feel that this is still the 'Land of Contrasts.' The largest amount of personal freedom in most things (often taken advantage of in a manner to make English hair stand on end) is compatible with such interference with personal liberty as the barring of the bathing beach to a girl in a one-piece costume; and few men dare to wear a straw hat after a fixed date in autumn, shine the sun never so warmly.

The discipline that the American re-acts to most easily is that of machinery; and one wonders (for example) what will be the outcome of the fact that practically every young American (of either sex) has learned the responsibility required in the control of a powerful motor engine. Indeed, machinery and mechanism seem overwhelmingly present in all American experience; but this topic would require at least one article for itself.

One result of the war that seems even more emphasized here than in England is the unwillingness of well-to-do boys *and* girls to live on their parents or lead a life of useless leisure. They all want to 'do' something, to make an actual contribution to the economic progress of their country. Possibly, almost for the first time in history, America (and especially young America) seems to take less interest in Europe than the

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other way about. As I have heard it put, the desire to avoid European entanglements seems based on a belief that George Washington, if he were now alive, would cling with a Casabianca-like pertinacity to formulas that have no vital relation with present day conditions.

The most obvious external change that has taken place in America since my first acquaintance with it is the marvelous improvement in its system of roads, due (doubtless) to the phenomenal development of the motor car. Not so very long ago, the traveler often found himself compelled to approach a palatial private, municipal, or national edifice through a knee-deep sea of mud. Now, excellent highroads seem practically universal. The narrow and remote peninsula on which I now am, consists (the geologists tell us) of nothing but sand, to a depth of three hundred feet. One of its former pastors wrote to a friend that he had to have a new pane of glass inserted in his study every week, because his windows were so scratched by the sand blown against it. The pictures made of the natives customarily ended at the ankle, as the feet were supposed to be buried in the sand — a variety of portrait that was neither full-length nor half-length nor kit-cat! Well, the other day I made a 'round trip' of one hundred miles or so in a motor on almost absolutely perfect roads — level, smooth, carefully-oiled, and quite dustless.

On this run, we must have met at least a thousand other cars, come from goodness knows where, and ranging from the most luxurious Pierce-Arrow or Locomobile to the most modest and unwashen of Fords; from the high-powered racer running as noiselessly as a watch, to rattletrap contraptions whose engines had lost every claim to respect except the power of propulsion. So far as one's observation went, these cars were all driven by girls, or shirt-sleeved boys, or genial fathers of families, or workmen in overalls, or smiling colored men; we did not detect a single professional chauffeur. Indeed, the automobile seems almost as common and necessary an adjunct as the telephone to an American household. There is one motor car in the United States to every twelve people; in the United Kingdom there is one telephone to every fifty people.

It is easy to believe the tales of workmen coming in cars to claim their strike-pay or cooks who stipulate for garage room for their Ford. I have, myself, seen hundreds of small cars 'parked' outside a factory, waiting for their mechanic-owners. It was a New York slum child, taken out on a Sunday School picnic in an elaborate but judiciously-driven limousine, who exclaimed, 'Gee, this old car don't go half as fast as my uncle's!' The cars are sometimes nearly as large as, and probably more costly than, the small summer 'shacks' in which their owners live. Indeed, the moment seems near when the American will be able to carry his house about with him, as the snail its shell. Ingenious 'camping' attachments to motor cars are already in use, enabling the summer tourist to be his own inn. Whispers do reach one's ear that this huge edifice of inflated tire prosperity rests (in part) on an insecure basis of mortgages and instalment payments; but the fact remains that people of every class seem able to own and run a car. This is largely due to the fact that the average American is more willing than the average Englishman to take the trouble involved in looking after the car himself. He is also more indifferent to the look of the car, so long as its running capacity is not diminished; but, here, we have to remember that the mud of England,

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as compared with the dry, hard roads of the American touring season, makes careful grooming of the car something more than a mere concession to appearance. The owner of an elaborate car in England could hardly get along with sending it for a wash to a public garage once or twice a month.

The roads are well provided with signs of all kinds, indicating schools, dangerous corners, curves, or crossings; at many intersecting points little standards with red flags are planted in the middle of the road to ensure a wide turning. Important routes are indicated by colored bands on the telegraph posts. Thus, a yellow band will safely convoy the stranger motorist all the way from Boston to the White Mountains (one hundred and fifty miles). Every village has its gasoline pump with tank and tube, which almost reduces the filling of one's reservoir to a matter of seconds.

We are apt to regard America as the typical home of extravagant and vainglorious expenditure. Yet, I venture to assert that some of the most delightful summer colonies in America have succeeded, better than anywhere else known to me, in combining the essential decencies, refinements, and more modest luxuries of life with an almost total lack of ostentation or conventional conformity. The bedsteads may be of un-painted deal, but the beds have the best springs; the walls may be of match boarding, but are not on this account any the worse a background for choice etchings or engravings; the path to the bathroom may be uncarpeted, but it leads to a marvel of American plumbing; the lights are electric; the rooms and verandahs are mosquito-proof; the service may be homely and unliveried, but it is good-natured and efficient; the furniture may come largely from the village carpenter, but its angles and cushions are quite all right. Dress is free and easy as the dresser may choose. I should give a wrong impression if I suggested that all this simple-seeming comfort is 'cheap.' Un-trimmed nature may still come right up to the door, but elaborate motor cars (for example) manage to accompany it. The point is, that the expenditure is directed to meeting actually felt personal wants; it is not swayed by convention or the desire to do as others do. Gilding and plush whether on furniture or flunkeys, are not really essential to personal comfort.

Many of the little differences that strike the British visitor are trivial in themselves, and may yet be full of suggestion. The process of elastic modification of the English language is still in full swing. Apart, altogether, from avowed slang, the Englishman almost at once comes up against words in common use that are either new to him or used in a new way. At many points along the curb in the cities, he will notice little movable standards with disks bearing such legends as 'No parking here,' or 'Please park at the opposite curb.' This is a wholly legitimate extension of the word 'park,' familiar to us in connection with artillery, and simply means that unattended motor cars must not be left standing at those points. Incidentally, this draws our attention to the fact that 'parks' of motor cars, sometimes as many as fifty or a hundred together, are a conspicuous and day-long feature of the city streets. In London, I remember only one such 'park'— that in St. James's Square, where a score of empty cars may be seen awaiting their owners. So familiar has this word become that it is alleged that the ingenuous flapper, not quite within the pale, is apt to meet a new dancing partner with the query, 'Do you "park" cheeks?'

It does not take long to learn that 'probe' is now the American news

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paper word for 'investigation'; that in sports (for example, in golf), 'trail' means to bring up the rear; and that 'jitney' (from a cheap kind of omnibus) has almost won its spurs as a dictionary word in the sense of 'pinchbeck' or 'tawdry.' One even comes across such a phrase as a 'jitney Messiah.' 'Hootch,' meaning alcoholic beverage brewed and consumed privately, may also be cited. The time-saving economy of language suggested by the laconic 'paint' (instead of 'wet paint') is not always paralleled in the conversation of the citizens. Journals, even of a good class, are showing a tendency to write words like 'chargé' and 'fiancé' as 'charge' and 'fiance.'

The roadside advertising boards are still a prominent feature of the landscape, but are now perhaps a shade less blatant. One motor tire company advertises its wares by gigantic imitations of an open book, giving (in quite tasteful lettering) a few historical facts about the next coming town or village. The neat little boards bearing the words 'Picture ahead; kodak as you go' lose some of their fascination when the suspicion dawns that they are set up at measured intervals, rather than at points particularly suitable for a snapshot. Cheery signs bid you 'Welcome to Falmouth,' while the reverse of this shield exclaims 'Good-bye; come again.' A board with 'Thank you' is addressed to the motorist who has (or has not) slowed down in passing through a village. The intimate and coaxing way in which the authorities address the public is illustrated by the signs in the Boston parks: 'Obey the law; use this can for rubbish.' The board which reads, 'Keep off the grass; if you want to roam, join the navy,' is a little masterpiece of humorous shrewdness. The humor of advertising in America would be an endless theme. Here are two random samples: (1) 'There are enough men wearing the Paris garter to elect the next President — easily!' (2) The word 'EVENTUALLY' faces you everywhere in huge capitals; it is only on a closer approach you find it is associated with 'Why not now?' as an inducement to purchase a certain article.

A favorite American device in the bedrooms of hotels and clubs is to cover the tables and bureaus with sheets of plate glass, beneath which are printed notices of rates and regulations and the like. At the guichets of some of the Tube railways the passenger is confronted with a small slab of glass in this style, covering an invitation to 'smile, darn you, smile!'

The really colossal motor traffic in New York, Boston, and other large cities has led to a perfection of police control that challenges comparison with London's venerable reputation in this field. But, nothing could more strikingly exemplify the difference between the two countries than the rapid and dramatic semaphoring of the white gloves and Paderewski wrists of the smart young Boston constables as compared with the slow and impersonal gestures of the London 'bobby.'

All recollection of the friendliness and geniality of the American atmosphere are amply confirmed. Colonel Wentworth Higginson once said that the American was an Englishman with an additional drop of electricity. I should be inclined to repeat this, changing the last word to 'amiability.' It is not only that one's friends, and the friends of one's friends, are hospitality itself; but each casual encounter (apart, at least, from the crowded city street) strikes out a kindly spark. No vehicle passes the lonely walker without the offer of a lift; the village policeman who checks the transgressing motorist does so with a pleasant drawl of 'next time you pass here, you had better

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catch my eye!'; the ticket-collector on the *mouche* that plies on Boston's Back Bay remonstrates gently if he sees you leaving the boat at a point short of that to which your fare will carry you.

The very horses share this good temper and do not object to hanging vertically over one side of a bump in the road while the buggy occupies a similar position on the other. Even motor-cars neither grunt nor groan when they have to leave the well-tarred main roads for a steeplechase course to the forest lodge of their owner. Good-natured adaptability is certainly one of the dominant notes in the American symphony.

[*The Times*]

JOHN KEATS: AN INTERVIEW WITH SIDNEY COLVIN

SIR SIDNEY COLVIN had promised to talk to me of Keats. The centenary of the poet's death falls on February 23, and many hope that it will be celebrated by securing for the nation the house at Hampstead where he heard the nightingale and was inspired to compose, perhaps the greatest, certainly the best known, of his odes. What more gracious anomalies does literary history record than the birth in a dull street of East London of one fated to be so drunken with beauty, and of the appearance in our suburban Hampstead of a bird glorified beyond all its kind? London has, then, two special reasons for honoring the centenary; and nobody feels them more keenly than Sir Sidney Colvin, whose studies in Keats culminated in the *Life* for which all lovers of the poet must be for ever grateful.

When I remarked on the number of people who read Keats in these days, Sir Sidney said there seemed, indeed, to be an unprecedented amount of interest in the coming centenary.

Did he think the conditions of the age offered any explanation of this particular poetry coming home to men's bosoms?

'No,' he answered, 'I would rather say that under the sifting power of time, Keats has turned out to have more in him of the vital elements of poetry than any of the others of his day. The intensity and richness of his imagination in dealing with both nature and human nature, and a sort of inspired felicity in finding expression for his gifts, have made themselves more and more felt by successive generations of readers, not only in England and America, but wherever the English language is known and studied. What the increasingly close and devoted study of successive generations has shown above all things is the extraordinarily rapid growth of Keats's genius in power of thought, as well as in the imaginative expression of sensuous delight. The great proof of this lies in the unfinished second version of "Hyperion," the high significance of which among Keats's writings has been brought out only by recent studies. No doubt, also, it is not merely a sense of Keats's almost unlimited promise and power as a poet that is concentrating such attention upon his anniversary but also the pathos of his personal history and fate. This, as you know, is hardly equalled in our literary history. And, again, there is the extreme charm of his character as revealed in his letters; letters as fascinating and beautiful as any in the language.'

'But Byron's life and work, different as they were, fulfil many of these conditions; yet nobody reads Byron. And Landor — another writer for whose fame you, Sir Sidney, have done something.'

'Yes, the reversal of contemporary verdicts is very strange. It would be hard to say why Byron's work seem

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no longer to "bite" as it once did. Landor, on his part, has never been widely-popular. As for Shelley, though we all recognize his beautiful lyric genius, some of us may find him lacking in the human note. But there is no more striking instance than Keats of the blindness under which contemporary criticism is apt to labor, and of the time taken by poetry which has in it the seeds of life to separate itself from that which is doomed in the long run to forgetfulness or neglect. A hundred years ago, Keats was for the ruling critics of the day "a young man who had left a decent calling for the melancholy trade of Cockney-poetry, and had lately died of a consumption after having written two or three little books of verse much neglected by the public." And this contempt lasted for some time. So late as 1844, Jeffrey declared that the "melodies" of Keats and Shelley were passing out of public memory, and that the poets of the age destined to enduring fame were Campbell and Rogers; while in 1845 De Quincey wrote: "Upon this mother tongue, upon this English language, has Keats trampled as with the hoofs of a buffalo." Shelley's "Adonais" stood a onely and unnoticed, as it still stands he noblest, tribute to his brother poet's greatness; until gradually the nthusiasm of the Cambridge group — Tennyson, Monckton Milnes, and their friends — and, later, that of the Pre-Raphaelite group — Rossetti, Holman Hunt, and the rest — forced the claims of Keats upon the world's attention. From their day to our own those claims have been ever more widely acknowledged; and now, the coming anniversary of his death is looked forward to as a conspicuous event in the English-speaking world, and not in that world alone. Perhaps the most surprising egible and tangible testimony to his ame will be the forthcoming *John Keats Memorial Volume*, which will contain tributes by almost every living English creative or critical writer of repute from the veteran Thomas Hardy down, as well as by a distinguished selection of Americans, and by representative writers of France, Spain, Sweden, Holland, Italy, and Russia, and not only by these, but by Oriental enthusiasts for his work writing in their native tongues, as Arabic, Sanskrit, Hindi, Bengali, Persian, and more yet.

'You remember that, with all his modesty, Keats had enough of the self-confidence of genius to say: "I think I shall be among the English poets after my death." How amazed he would have been — amazed even more than consoled — if he could have foreseen the place among the world's poets which is awarded him by this universal love and reverence!'

I inquired as to the celebration of the anniversary, and was told that, besides the publication of the cosmopolitan memorial volume, and the giving of special lectures, and holding of special commemorative meetings and the like, it was thought the best of all methods would be the accomplishment of the scheme for buying Lawn Bank, his sometime home at Hampstead.

'A committee of Hampstead residents and others,' said Sir Sidney, 'have the scheme in hand. But we want more money. It is a double house, built by Charles Brown and Charles Wentworth Dilke, who lived in the two parts. Keats and Brown. If we succeed in acquiring the house for the public, we shall aim at putting it back as it was in their days.'

Sir Sidney Colvin thought over a suggestion I made that a parallel might be drawn between the characters and lives of the two men of letters in whom, so far as the public knows, he has taken the greatest interest — Keats and Robert Louis Stevenson.

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[*The London Mercury*]

VILLAGE GREEN

THE thatched roofs, green with moss and grass, stand round,
And earthy walls seem growing from the ground,
Bold pipe the missel-bird and bluecap gay
From white-bloomed plum, nor fear the yokels' play;
Who on the wet green whirl the ball about
With monstrous shambling kicks; and in and out
Among them plays the mongrel, black and young,
As pleased as any there, and lolls his tongue.
But near the postman watching 'how she flies'
The older dog looks on with pitying eyes,
And thinks it only folly play, and droops
His weary head away when laughter whoops
To see tripped longshanks floundering on his back,
With trousers daubed in mire and face all black.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

ONE DAY

BY PAMELA GLENCONNER

["And Death shall be cast down headlong, and there shall be Salvation that shall never fail. No more anxiety and fear, but joy . . . and companionship sweet and noble."—THOMAS A. KEMPIS.]

ONE day the Earth will break forth into song
And we shall say, 'The Spring is here at last,
Winter is fled that was so dark and long,
The skies are clear that were so overcast;
The willows in the meads to bud are springing,
And all the world with skylarks' songs is ringing.'

So one day we shall gain all we have lost,
Seeing the faces we have longed to see,
Hearing our hearts say, 'All the pain it cost
Is nothing to this soul felicity;
Not all Earth's suffering, and toil, and strife,
Can match in magnitude of joy — this Life.'

For we shall see then as we now are seen,
And we shall understand as we are known;
And all the sorrowing that once has been
Shall meet us, singing, and become our crown;
O Light of Worlds! shine on our inner eyes,
Show us the joy, the joy of Paradise.

[*New Statesman*]

LIGHTS

BY JOSEPH FREEMAN

YOUR eyes are on me with the tortured light
Of a soul brooding-cold in her retreat
Who paces hollow corridors all night
And dreads the isolation of her feet;
But I recall a night, a night in June,
When a warm fragrance held us long awake,
And our boat kept drifting down the lake
From arching bridge to bridge. We hummed a tune
Under the silence of an orange moon
We touched the water, remarked the ripples break,
And watched the sentimental starlight shake
With a blue tremor in the trees; and soon
A hot wind kissed us — and I saw you eyes
Flare, like a morning through Italian skies.

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